The Independent.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts."

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The Independent.

AN AFTERNOON IN THE GHETTO OF ROME.

BY H. H.

It was a superfluous cruelty to put yellow caps on the heads of Jews. To-day, with all liberty to wear such clothes as other men, they can walk no street unobserved. Nature herself has set on their faces a worse badge of disgrace than any Pagan emperor or Christian Pope ever invented. The law of variation has mercy on all species but theirs. Would even Darwin himself venture to predict an ameliorated nose for the future Jew? a century to come in which his eye shall not have the restless gleam of uneasy cunning? There are four thousand of them in Rome to-day. Let any man or woman of them all venture across the broad, sunny Piazza de Spagna, and you say instantly, "There goes a Jew." The eye involuntarily pursues the melancholy figure, threading its way among the jostling crowds, distinct, you cannot say why, unspeakably lonely and outcast in its bearing, though no hand or voice be lifted in token of scorn. Perhaps you follow him down the Via Condotti; for there is always in a Jew's very walk an expression of some mysterious errand, which makes you wish you knew where he was going. Never think you will follow him far. In an instant he vanishes from under your eyes, disappearing like some hunted animal into a chink between the stones. You may wait; but he will not come out again. Looking after him, one does not feel the proper honor in remembering that in Hadrian's time Jews and horses brought the same price in Syria. Somehow it seems to have been so much more unfair to the horse than to the Jew. It ceases also to seem such a clemency on the part of Pius IX to have put a stop to the Jews running in the Corso races. As in the case of some other of his boasted reforms, he seems to have merely drifted with the tide of events; for can there have been, in Rome, within fifty years, a pair of Jewish legs that could run? Poor Jews! It is one of the most inexplicable of their inexplicable woes, that it seems to have been impossible in all ages for anybody to pity them seriously. At sight of a Jew, to-day, I believe the first involuntary emotion of the most philanthropic mind to be anything but humane. For the race, as a race, one has a sort of traditional pity: it is impossible to read unmoved the story of their being handed about for so many centuries from enemy to enemy,—first the emperors who had conquered their kings and destroyed their city, and next the popes whose God they had crucified; played with by both emperors and popes, as mice are played with by cats; paying for each year of reprieve and increased freedom by many more of added torture; forever alternating between greater and less miseries; really, over the page of their written history, one can hardly keep back tears. But, once face to face with the individual Jew, the sympathy mysteriously vanishes, and there comes in its place a vague sense of repulsion and a distinct sense of the ludicrous. Even a *child* can fail to touch the heart, if he be Jew. He is sure to look as rascally as his great grandfather, and just as grotesque.

Twenty or thirty of them swarmed round our carriage, as we drove up to the steps of their synagogue, one warm day last week. Their eyes were so black, and their hair, and so little whiteness of skin redeemed the blackness, that they produced the effect of a great dark cloud in the air. Their shrill voices were painful to hear. We were half frightened, and I think should have turned back in dismay, except for the arrival of a grown-up Jew to drive them off. He had a bunch of big iron keys in his hand, and he swung them right and left in the children's faces, making no allowance whatever for the average Jewish nose, which I fear suffered severely, judging from the screams. But the whole crowd surged up again, black and shrill as ever, the minute he stepped inside the synagogue door; and we had hard work to push through. The synagogue threshold, however, they dared not pass; and we were left in quiet to see the melancholy rooms. There are five parishes of the Roman Ghetto, and each parish has its room or "school" in the synagogue. They are much alike: gloomy, dark wooden seats, high pulpits, grated galleries for the women, cornices of stucco work, in which the seven-branched candlestick and the odd-shaped vessels of the temple service were the chief designs. Hebrew texts, weird and cabalistic, on all sides; red-curtained boxes built out from the walls to hold the copies of the Pentateuch, that stern "letter which killeth" and has killed so many generations. In each room was a tablet, on which the bans of marriage were to be published. Not one was empty. There were then in every parish of this wretched Ghetto men and maidens alive enough to love, and brave enough to marry and bring forth children who must grow up Jews in a Ghetto. Who could imagine anything more joyless than such wedding?

Going from the synagogue to the Via Fiumara, we passed the Cenci Palace. One great door has been walled up. Cobwebs, too thick and heavy to flutter, hung like folds of brown canvas over hinges and cracks. One could easily see how there would soon be added to the cobweb fungus, and to the fungus wall-flower, and men would forget that a door had been there. At one time Overbeck had courage to live and work in the Cenci Palace. If the wicked Cenci ghosts walked by night, they must have wondered at his sweet Christian purities.

The Via Fiumara is the lowest street of the Ghetto. The houses of one side of it fairly hang over the Tiber. In the afternoon the back balconies are sunny, and it does one's heart good to see from the bridges how roses and carnations do not mind blossoming for outcasts; but the street itself is dark and horrible. Every spring the river overflows it, and the lower stories of the houses are black from soaking in water. Each front room is unlit and dungeon-like. In its window and on rickety shelves are heaps of rubbish to sell. On its doorstep and on the ground round the doorstep sit, huddled and silent, hopeless-looking men and women, most of them sewing, bent over half double, up to their knees in rags—sewing, sewing, sewing—the men as well as the women. It looks like a spectacle of unreal misery; a picture of the uncanny task set by some fiendish elf-woman to helpless victims who had strayed into her cavern. Rags, rags everywhere: rags in piles, rags strung up in strings and packages; rags festooned in ghastly, many-colored hangings over doorways; rags laid out in grotesque mosaics on floors; and weary, groping fingers searching for some impossible color. Will the task ever be done? Surely, it is some spell of unearthly malice under which all these poor creatures are at work—sorting, matching, piling, sewing rags. Early in the eighteenth century the Roman Jews were forbidden by law to deal in anything but rags, old clothes, and iron. The law was soon repealed; but it had become part of the spell. Repealing it made no change; not a shop in the Via Fiumara to-day without its little pile of junk, its fluttering, patched, half-cleaned old gowns and coats, offering hideous mock to the rags below.

We were unwary enough to walk through this street. They do not love Christians, these poor, penned-up Israelites. How should they?—especially Christians who come spying out their misery. Some of the women laughed unpleasantly, and clutched us by the skirts or by the arm, begging; boys almost trampled us, begging; old men from doorsteps thrust out crutches in front of us with a kind of menace; and men and women who made no movement toward us frightened us most of all by mutterings, which sounded like immediate maledictions, sure to have effect. We were glad to take refuge in our carriage, and did not blame the driver for half laughing at our dismayed faces.

We had not courage to venture into the church of San Angelo, in Pescaria, where the Jews were once obliged to hear a weekly sermon from a Christian, and were snapped on the head by a long whip-lash if they nodded or shut their eyes. Two women sat on its stone steps; and one of them, who was nursing her baby, looked at us with such evil malice in her eye and heart that the baby felt it and cried out in sudden pain. It was only three or four months old, but it had eighteen hundred years of Jew in its dark little face.

After crossing the threshold of Octavia's fine palace, which does very well now, what is left of it, for a fish market, we found our way into the Via Rua, which is the aristocratic quarter of the Ghetto. Even the Ghetto has its people of degree; they live in the Via Rua, and in their shops very respectable goods may be bought at low prices. Doubtless the Via Fiumara is both happier and sadder for the Via Rua; cheered by hope of one day living there, sad with envy of those who have already attained to it. This makes the Ghetto, after all, not so unlike the rest of the world as it sounds.

In the Via Rua we found the men and women still huddled on doorsteps and at windows of gloomy shops; but there are no rags in the Via Rua, no junk, no old clothes, and the air is much purer. Walking here, you are presently beckoned, and almost drawn across one of the dark thresholds, and with silent nods and smiles, which are not quite smiles, a Jew man shows you a shawl; and the mother, and the wife, and the grandmother are all in line behind him, head above head, looking over, and jabbering in Hebrew perhaps—certainly not in the usual Italian—the praises of the shawl. You will not escape from that resolute family and that shawl in less than twenty minutes. Probably you will buy the shawl, unless you are quite poor, and positively cannot buy what you do not need. There are chairs at the doorways of the shops in the Via Rua. None of the Via Rua people are so abject as to squat on the door-sills and ground, like the Via Fiumarians. Perhaps you may have the luck to sink despairingly, as I did, into one of these chairs, to wait the pleasure of an inexhaustible friend, who can meet even Jews on their own ground and out-talk them. Then you will come as near knowing what it is to be a Jew as one can without being born to it. Never shall I forget that five minutes in the Jew's chair. How many generations of Jews had sat in it before me I know not; but I felt the humiliation of centuries in my very veins as I sat on the low, hard seat. It frightened me to see that nobody looked astonished to see me sitting there. If I had staid a little longer, I know I should presently have began to talk Hebrew and try to sell shawls. I was glad to escape over the bridge of "Quattio Capi," into the freer, purer air of Trastevere. On a church near this bridge, and confronting the Ghetto people as they come and go, a converted Jew has put up an inscription, with these words, in Latin and in Hebrew: "All day long have I stretched out my hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people."

The Trastevere men and women looked even stronger and handsomer than their wont, as we came into their streets, from the wretched Ghetto. They two live apart from the rest of Rome—proudly, voluntarily apart, holding themselves more Roman than others; and their faces bear witness to their right to do so. In any old church in Trastevere, at a Sunday morning mass, one can easily fancy themselves in the days when

> "Romans in Rome's quarrel
> Spared neither land nor gold,
> Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
> In the brave days of old."

As we drove down the hill of San Pietro in Montorio, the whole city lay before us, looking yellow and hot. The sirocco blew pitilessly, its dusty breath filling the air with poison. Twelve miles to south the Alban Hills stretched out, green and cool, like enchanted mountains, on confines of Beulah. We must escape soon and find our summer. But for those poor souls in the Ghetto is no Beulah, no summer. Yet, in all their perversity and blindness, they do not seem to me to be so Christless as Christians call them. There is something heroically and purely religious in their waiting. If we looked as reverently and steadily at our Christ of history and Gospel as they do at their Christ of prophecy, we should be fitter and stronger to convert and help them.

H. H.

Rome, Italy, May 14th, 1869.

OVER THE SEA.

BY REV. J. L. CORNING.

STEAMSHIP "MINNESOTA," }
AT SEA, July 3, 1869. }

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

Dear Sir:—Do you not think a man must be on pretty good terms with himself to solicit the columns of a popular newspaper as a means of satisfying the demands of personal friendship? Judge as you may concerning the application of this necessity to the case in hand, you will nevertheless admit that it is just possible for an unfortunate pilgrim to be reduced to such extremity.

At last, after twenty years' patient longing, "having seen the promise afar off," we are well on the path toward "doing" Europe. The other night we were all awakened by a cessation of the monotonous hum of our big screw in the stern, and for the space of an hour or so the huge iron tub rolled lifelessly on the long, lazy swells. The matter was "hot bearings," as our brass-buttoned chief engineer concisely stated it. Well, said we, this captain of the valves and pistons has diagnosed our case better than the half score of doctors of various schools at whose behest we have run out our tongue and exhibited our pulse during sundry infirm years. That's what we are going to Europe for, to cool the hot journals of the vital machine; and you know from some dark pages in literary biography how alarmingly hot they sometimes get. One of our medical advisers said that chloride of sodium was a first-rate initiation cooler, applied to the nerves through the pulmonary viscera. Some new-fangled inhalation, we inferred, and prepared ourself for spirit-lamps and suction-pipes, all and sundry. No, this was not the thing at all; but just going to sea, with the customary accompaniments.

Everybody pretends to understand with greater or less proficiency the climatic ways of Providence; and everybody said that June, above all the months, was the time for a smooth sea-trip. Didn't the wise men of the East elect this as old Neptune's vacation-month, when they laid the submarine cable? A most respectable precedent, surely. And so we took the sea-gods in their habitual mood, and embarked with such brave faith as our poor, conceited philosophy is wont to manufacture to order. But, alas! we were ere long reminded of the Shakespearean quotation which we once heard in a theological commencement speech:

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends rough,
> Hew them how we will."

The Fates revised the poet's punctuation for us, and the simple change of comma created such revolutions as language would fail to depict. Just by the banks of Newfoundland, and over the customary dread of being sandwiched between two or more icebergs, and then such an ugly gale, keeling the ship over in every possible direction, and making everybody on board curse navigation as the hugest imposture that ever deceived and betrayed a credulous humanity. Such lessons in geometry as we studied with our coffee-cups and soup-bowls, such dismal tinkling of sliding crockery, and in the state-rooms such pangs and swooning-spells as the electric wire between brain and stomach broke and welded in alternate moments—of all this let him discourse who has all the dialects of earth on the tip of his pen.

Shut up, as we are, like chickens in one coop for the space of twelve days, there is, as you see, an excellent opportunity for the cultivation of the science of human nature. Give us a steamer's cabin for a photographic album of mankind in general, with all nationalities, and creeds, and mental complexions.

Of course, our central figure is the captain—Price by name—two hundred and twenty-six pounds of English good sense and good humor by Fairbanks's scales. There are some wonderful things about him that deserve to be recorded. These three for example: that he ran away to sea at ten years of age, that he never chewed or smoked, and that he is a scrupulous teetotaler. Do you not think it comforts a contemplative mind in the cabin to think that a sturdy chief is pacing the quarter-deck overhead who long ago most thoroughly learned the science of self-command?

We all took the gauge of one another before we had been twenty-four hours at sea; and in that brief space our little community had partitioned itself off into lesser cliques and coteries, in obedience to the law of social affinity and repulsion. There are good-natured folks who have ascertained the art of transferring the little annoyances of life into pleasantries, who can make an agreeable joke out of every discomfort. And then, of course, there is your grumbler, whose daily diet is fault-finding, in whom constitutional discontent, aggravated by gastric upheavals and qualms, makes the world—our little world, I mean—swarm with vermin, so that one has nothing to do but have nightmares all night and scratch in the day time. Here is a garrulous fellow, who tells you all he knows on the first day out, quotes all his poetry, tells all his anecdotes, recites all his historic lore, and is as void as an oyster-shell all the rest of the voyage. Here is a modest, reticent professor, out of whom you get positively nothing for a day or two; but by hard pumping lets you into the secret of his various learning, and compels you to seek his quiet company every morning after breakfast to regale yourself on his rich culture at Yale and the German universities. We have had a world of comfort out of this gentleman, and herewith make our grateful acknowledgments.

Among other notabilities, we have on board an archdeacon of the Greek Church, and an agent of Brigham Young, who intends to return speedily to Utah, with a cargo of carnal saints and concubines to match. He is a man of quite clever talk. But I notice that the ladies are rather shy of him; for he piously boasts of having at least two wives, with sundry hints as to further intentions. We have not been disposed to expostulate with these sensitive dames and matrons, on the principle "*De gustibus*," etc.

Our only representative of babyhood in the saloon is little Nellie, a five-year-old brunette, who has been considered the common property of the ship ever since the embarkation. She goes out to tea from table to table *ad libitum;* and everybody, from captain down to "boots," is a self-ordained nurse and guardian of the brave little sailor-girl. Nellie succumbed once or twice, and lost her appetite; but, taking the average, she has been as happy as a lark, and no more of an inconvenience than the kitten in the forecastle. She says she is going to Germany, to study in a big university, and is already taking the preliminary steps in Sanders's primer.

As our Independence Day occurs on Sunday, the captain promises some sort of celebration on the following day; but I fancy the principal exercise in memory of our national deliverance will be a sight of the Irish coast, and the debarkation of a fraction of our imprisoned family in Queenstown harbor.

As we draw near the conclusion of our sea-trip, I look over my journal, and find the following sensations, which, as they are so unusual in marine diaries, deserve to be embalmed in type. "Fog for several hours; a whale spouted to leeward; spoke a barque; had an interview with thirteen porpoises by actual count." And thus ends the catalogue, every item of which stirred us all up as if we had taken an earthquake or a revolution with our morning paper for breakfast.

I wanted to send you sundry thoughts on the art of using travel as an appliance of culture, and discourse a little concerning the enormous digestive faculty of our American mind, which can chew up and incorporate the British isles and the Continent in three to six months; but the usual column must be exhausted.

July 5th, 6 A. M.—The booming of our cannon on deck started us all from our berths, celebrating at once the dawn of our Independence Day and the first sight of the Irish coast. Our silent professor knocks lustily at our door, crying "Land!" In very much such a key as I suppose Archimedes bawled "*Eureka*"; and, in little better plight as to raiment than that of the ancient philosopher, we rush up the companion-way and greet the rugged cliffs and mossy slopes of Cape Clear. And now for the first time we know what is the pang of thinking of one's home three thousand miles away.

TAKING CARE OF THE BODY.

At this season of the year all who can do so leave the city. Why? I venture to say that in a great majority of instances it is because it is *fashionable*. The upper ten generally go for pleasure; not, perhaps, forgetting entirely that they have poor, frail bodies, which need nursing and looking after. But pleasure is the main thing sought, while health or bodily recuperation is left in the background. An entire change into a pure *in-land* air would be prescribed by any sensible physician (to every New Yorker); but who cares for what is *best* to be done, when it is fashionable to go to Newport, Long Branch, or Nahant? Breathing a *salt* atmosphere for nine months in a year one would think would be sufficient, and that a *change* required a visit into the interior, far away from the sea-coast. But no. Pack up your big trunks, and push off with the crowd to the "salt water," where you can flourish day and night with the gay and thoughtless, who really care nothing for rest or health unless they can have it "New York fashion"—turning night into day and day into night. Would you treat a poor, sick, or worn-out dumb beast in that way? Never. We believe that there are thousands in New York who take better care of their horses than they do of themselves or their families. Cruelty to animals who go on two legs should now begin to have some attention. If a favorite horse is well, he is fed with the simplest, cleanest, and most nutritious food, day after day the whole year through. If he is a particle sick or overworked, he has *immediate* and extraordinary care and attention. He is not crammed with improper food, nor fed at improper hours. He must be put in right bodily *condition* before he can eat. If overheated, drink is given sparingly. In other words, everything that skill can do or common sense suggest is done all the time to promote the health and comfort of a dumb beast. All this is right. Any other course would be simply wicked. But is it not wicked to treat yourself in the way you do and in the way you have done for years? We would like to look into the faces of a regiment of men or women who are fed, exercised, rested, and worked according to the laws of their being. We fear that scarcely a regiment of such could be found in all the land. A corporal's guard might possibly be selected from the ranks of those who are training for the prize-ring or a boat-race. Nowhere else should we think, for one moment, of looking for such noble specimens of humanity. We have long believed that all poor, jaded, broken-down business men or women, who care for life or bodily comfort, should be taken in hand by skillful, experienced trainers, who understand the human body, its functions, and what remedial steps to take to give it health, flesh, strength, and beauty. There should be health *institutions*, where the *best food*, properly prepared, only can be had; where every regulation has special reference to the all-important end desired; where sleep or rest, exercise or work, pleasure or proper amusements, company or quiet, can be prescribed and ordered to willing seekers for improvement; where tenderloin steaks, juicy mutton, youthful poultry, refreshing beef-tea, or savory broths, *three times a day*, can be had and administered to all who need the most nutritious food; where fresh milk and delicious *cream*, good vegetables and ripe fruits, pure, unadulterated tea and coffee, and all other really *"good things,"* in great variety, can always be had; where every ounce of food is selected by those only who are competent to judge of its *quality* and its adaptation to health, and who could and would forbid the use of any other than the "best of everything."

We believe that in some very important respects every human being should be treated and trained as an *animal*, absolutely and always. If this were done—and it will be some future day—there would soon be a very different race of beings to inhabit the earth. We would have every family mansion such an institution as we describe; but a great majority of people are either ignorant or heedless, and all such should have a place to go to, and a place to be instructed and enlightened. If some A. T. Stewart, Horace B. Claflin, or other merchant millionaires would select the most beautiful spot to be found in the country, erect an elegant building, lay out tastefully ample grounds and parks, shaded walks and splendid flower-gardens, with living, flowing fountains, and then furnish the whole with every other comfort and luxury to promote bodily recuperation, proper recreation, and pleasure, there would rush to this Eden of health such a crowd of people as never was seen before at the gates of the Fifth Avenue or any other mammoth hotel in the nation. Health-seeking would then be fashionable. What a mighty host of yellow skins and leather skins would at once knock at the door for admittance, even at high charges. What a grand movement among the dull-eyed and the weak-kneed, the thin and the bloated, the nervous and the phlegmatic, the wheezing and the coughing, there would be. Lung diseases and liver diseases, heart diseases and all bodily diseases and aches and pains, would immediately suggest to the poor sufferer the great health-promoting institution as the proper place of refuge. Training for health at such a place, under such regulations, while it would be a luxury for princes to enjoy, would show amazing and unheard-of bodily results. Here goes one man, dismissed from this asylum of health, with an extra twenty pounds of flesh; there goes another, with ruddy cheeks and elastic step; yonder struts a third, free for once in his life of all aches and pains; there goes, tripping lightly from the rank of the gentler sex, the poor devotee of fashion, who was induced, just for once, to lay up for repairs. Following in the train of all these would be found a great company, made really better, stronger, happier, and once again fitted for usefulness. Every four-footed beast and every creeping thing on the face of the earth, everything which hath life in the heavens above or in the waters under the earth, can be improved, developed, matured, strengthened, and beautified by proper care and attention. Man alone, among the whole race of God's animated creation, it is supposed, may be left to the tender mercy of disease and pain, to degenerate and die. Let every Christian soberly and immediately add to his creed, "I believe in taking care of the body."

H. C. B.

WOODSTOCK, July 28th, 1869.

CHURCHES IN ITALY.

LAKE OF COMO, June 30th, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

During the month and a half I have spent in Italy I have been as devoted a church-goer as the most zealous Catholic could desire. Not a prominent church in Turin, Milan, Genoa, Pisa, Luca, Naples, Rome, Florence, Ferrara, Bologna, Venice, Parma, Modena, Mantua, or Verona, has escaped my attention. At a rough estimate, I think I must have attended fully five hundred of the splendid temples erected in this land of beauty and benediction for the worship of Christ, the Madonna, and the innumerable saints.

Perhaps I have not brought to them the spirit and the feelings that their founders and supporters would approve. Perhaps I have been too much impelled by æsthetic curiosity and love of art in my continuous visits to the sacred shrines that have endured through twenty or thirty generations of the faithful. Still I have found much to admire, and more to marvel at. I have received a species of baptism, semi-ecclesiastic, semi-artistic, in the presence of the statues, the pictures, the architecture, the carvings, the treasures, and the holy relics which so largely assist in making Italy the show-shop of the world.

What wealth of purse, and genius, and devotion has been exhausted in the countless churches of this delightful country! What eventful histories are enclosed in the marbles, and paintings, and friezes, and façades that have wooed and won me at every turn! What miracles I have heard and read of in each city I have tarried in! My capacity for wonderment has been dulled by the constant iteration of divine favors and celestial interpositions. It may be I have grown skeptical from the excessive draughts made upon my credulity, which was reasonably large when I crossed the Alps, six weeks ago.

Every church, however insignificant, has its special miracles, which no one but a heretic is expected to doubt. Each saint in the calendar has caused the laws of Nature to be set aside, that he might prove his appreciation of the building named in his honor. I strove for a time to remember the marvels that have been wrought since the days of St. Peter; but my overtasked memory soon proved treacherous, and left me a chaos of scattered recollections. I recall, though dimly, a hundred painted Madonnas who moved their cobalt eyes; five times as many statues that bled at every vein; a thousand sacred wafers that soared like a lark in the nimbus of glory; and an incalculable number of wooden bambinos, who restored dying believers, and who, when stolen from the altar, went muttering Ave Marias back to their desecrated shrines.

I have seen all the way from Susa to Sorrento pieces of the table on which the Last Supper was eaten, and no two of them were alike. I have seen so many fragments of the Cross that it might have leaned against the sky, such must have been its proportions. I have seen the tomb of the same saint in a dozen different places. I have seen the bones of the Fathers of the Church until I have been forced to conclude they had a skeleton for every day of the week and at least a dozen on Sunday.

Such things, I know, are sacred in many eyes; but to my unilluminated mind they seem absurd, if not profane. Why make relics that should be holy a spectacle and a show, and collect a lira for every exhibition? Why not worship the memory of those who are considered saints, and let their ashes repose in peace? Why convert religion into money-changing, and make prayers marketable in the shambles of superstition?

I have been struck with the contrast between the splendor of the churches and the poverty of the people. Where the marbles are the richest, where Raphael, and Tintoretto, and Domenichino lavished their genius, dishonesty, ignorance, and dirt have most abounded. The humblest are the faithful; but I cannot think that only false tongues and chronic filth are acceptable to Heaven. The modern and more enlightened theology teaches that there are no divine prejudices against soap and water. If there were, all Italy would be sure of salvation.

You cannot enter a church between the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, but beggars, who choose the profession from instinct, are the prominent figures in the foreground. When you are lost in admiration of a magnificent vault or nave, a noisome mendicant brings you back with the rattling soldi of his tin box. While you are wrapt before a fresco of Correggio, or Paolo Veronese, the stereotyped "*Datemi qualcosa, signore?*" quenches your enthusiasm like a shower-bath.

Reverencing the devotion of the tatterdemalion, who kneels and murmurs over his rosary, you are led to doubt the depth of his religion when, with the lips on which his prayers are fresh, he lies to you like an epitaph. The vetturino who rises from before the altar dips his finger in the font and your purse almost at the same moment. The dark-eyed beauty so penitent in the confessional hurries away to repeat her sins, that she may enjoy the luxury of a new absolution.

The churches impress you through their beauty of form; and the form of the pompous service may impress you likewise. Form is everywhere embodied. Is it not spiritualized as well in the creed and conduct of Romanism? I cannot resist the conviction that it is so: that much of the adoration is for the stoled priest, the swelling chant, the surging incense; that in the heavy gilding of the ceremony the pearl of worship is spoiled.

But let me not judge. Every man's faith and act are between him and the Common Father. Let me accept the form of the churches in an artistic sense, and be thankful for the beauty, a large ingredient of religion, they bestow upon the heretic no less than the devotee. Let me keep in memory the grandeur of St. Peter's, the richness of St. Paul's, the barbaric splendor of St. Mark's, the harmony of Saint Carlo Borromeo, and wait in patience for time to determine if the present signs in Italy do not portend that the churches will stand when their creed has crumbled forever.

J. H. B.

SERMON-STEALING.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D. D.

We have received a letter from a gentleman representing himself as a *clergyman*, in which occurs the following language: "I take the liberty to ask you if you will be so good as to publish in that paper [THE INDEPENDENT] your views in reference to ministers using the sermons of others. I would like to see the *principles*, in accordance with which a minister is required to preach his *own* sermon rather than that of another, set forth. We know that the world is full of better printed sermons than most ministers can compose; and why may they not use *these*, and be exempt from toil and heart-ache in preparing new ones? Also, I would like your views in regard to an *occasional* use of the sermons of others. This request is made in the most entire good faith; and I sincerely hope that your engagements will admit of an early expression of your views on these points, in THE INDEPENDENT."

We happen to have some "views on these points"; and, moreover, feel quite willing to state them to our clerical correspondent, and to all others whom they may concern. As a matter of fact, we suppose that the practice referred to is comparatively rare among ministers, especially in this country. Yet the thing is sometimes done, and more often imputed. Before entering the ministry, we heard a clergyman, occupying a prominent position in one of our large cities, preach four of Dr. Payson's printed sermons, word for word from beginning to end, on as many successive days. The occasion was a "protracted meeting." We had a copy of Dr. Payson's sermons; and hence were able so to verify the fact at the time as not to be mistaken. We also know a minister who as a *father* attended the funeral of his own son, and who some ten years previously had published a sermon on the "Changes of Life" in the *National Preacher*. The clergyman who conducted this funeral service, with the exception of a few words in the beginning and at the end of his discourse, preached this identical sermon in the hearing of the very man who ten years before had himself prepared it. We supposed at the time that the said clergyman was so much in the habit of doing this thing that he had really forgotten the source of this particular sermon, and hence did not know that the author was sitting before him. We might name other somewhat similar facts; yet these will suffice as specimens of the practice to which our correspondent refers.

The objection to this practice, on *moral* grounds, consists in the fact that it justly exposes one to the charge of *false pretenses*, and in this sense involves the sin of *lying*. The minister assumes to be the preacher of sermons that he has himself prepared. Such is his profession, and such the understanding of the people who hear him and pay his salary; and, if this be not the fact, then he is consciously deceiving the people, and none the less so because he *recites* (we will suppose from a good motive) another man's sermon. He sails under false colors, and deceives to get himself before the public as invested with qualities of intelligence and power which he knows he does not possess. He is not the man he *seems* to be. He steals the fruits of another's intellect, and offers them in the pulpit-market as if they were his own. For the rebuke of every such preacher we quote the pertinent language of an inspired apostle: "Wherefore, putting away *all lying*, speak every man truth with his neighbor."

If, moreover, a minister judge it expedient for him to preach other men's sermons, then we suggest that he should frankly announce the fact to his people. Let them understand what he proposes to do; and then they will be able to decide for themselves whether they will pay a clergyman for his Sabbath-day *recitations*, or buy the printed sermons and do their own reading. The latter would be much the cheapest method; and, as we have no doubt, the one which most congregations would prefer to adopt. A volume of good sermons, costing not more than five dollars, would last them for a whole year; and the membership might take turns as readers. They could dispense with the minister altogether. Gravely do we doubt whether any sermon-stealer would relish the idea of placing matters in just this shape before his congregation; and, if he would not, he confesses judgment against his own practice. He very well knows that he is employed by the people on the credit of his ability to *make* sermons as well as preach them; and, if he has no adequate ability for this purpose, then what right has he to go into the church-market as a sermon-maker? He had better carry a hod, swing a hammer, or drive a stage, or do anything else which he is competent to do. If he has the ability, and is really too lazy to put himself to the task of preparing his own sermons, then—yes, then—*then* (reader, you may finish this sentence in almost any way you like, for we frankly confess a total inability to do any justice to the subject).

We are not quite done with "these points" submitted by our esteemed correspondent. We beg leave to inform him that there is a very important *connection* between the processes of mind and heart involved in *preparing* a sermon and those involved in *preaching* it—a connection so vital that the maker of a sermon is just the man to preach it. Every one has his own habits of thought and his own style of language; and in these his utterance always works to the best advantage. They are natural to him, and are hence the best instruments of his own power. Sermon-stealers must be dramatists of the very first order, or they will be cold, stiff, and awkward when they come to spout the thoughts of other men—to say nothing about their personal sense of meanness, and perhaps their nervous twinge lest some critical ear may detect the fraud. The way to preach well—with unction and power—is to study well beforehand, and thus warm up the machinery for the service. This is just as true of the *ex tempore* preacher as it is of the man who prepares written sermons. Every preacher wants the excitement which is incident to the active *origination* of the thoughts which flow from his lips. Before they can blaze on his lips they must blaze in his brains. The lip-fire is ordinarily kindled by the brain-fire. Transcribing or committing to memory other men's sermons for the purpose of preaching them is, relatively to the preacher, a very different thing.

And then, as to the "toil and heart-ache" of preparing sermons, let us say that the man who deems this work a burden from which he would gladly be exempt had better quit the pulpit at once. He certainly has mistaken his calling. The Lord never called him into the ministry. Thinking and writing are no tasks to a student, but rather a great luxury. They are just the things that please him. And should not every minister be a student? There is no other way in which he can keep his faculties limber, and secure the growth of his own mind. He must do his own thinking and preach his own sermons, or he will be a six-penny minister. His profession, to say nothing of conscience toward God or man, absolutely imposes this necessity; and he ought to welcome it not as a task reluctantly borne, but as a most sacred pleasure.

Let it be remembered, also, that, although there are a great many "printed sermons," *pertinency* to men and circumstances forms one of the prime qualities of a good sermon. It should be the aim of the preacher to make a *hit* somewhere, and especially to hit the people to whom he is talking; and this he cannot do unless he shapes his thoughts and discourse to existing facts. He must think and write, or extemporize, with his eye on the people, and on the condition and wants of the age. His sermon may not be as elegant or learned as one preached by Dr. Chalmers or Robert Hall, years ago; but, if it be suited to the occasion, it will be "better" for that occasion than all the "printed sermons" that he can steal. Indeed, the great art of successful preaching is to preach to the point, and to keep *hitting* it every time; and this, of course, supposes that the minister does his own sermon-making, varying the contents and form with the endless diversity of the circumstances in which he is placed.

But may not the minister read books, and even sermons, and make use of the thoughts which he thus acquires? Certainly he may, and should. He can in this way very greatly help himself. In so doing he is chargeable with no literary theft and no deception. This is perfectly consistent with an honest, genuine, and independent construction of his own sermons. He makes the thoughts his *own* by the process of acquisition, and then *arranges* and expresses them in his own way. They are then to *him* just what they would be if he were the only man who ever had them. They are his by legitimate appropriation, because they are the product of his personal toil in the great intellectual workshop of the world. The difference between study, with its natural acquisitions, and the practice of sermon-stealing is so manifest that no one would ever think of confounding the two. The former we approve, and the latter we condemn. We condemn it as a *general* practice, and we condemn it as "an *occasional* use of the sermons of others."

We do not believe that the practice is general; yet there are undoubtedly cases—how many we cannot say—in which this literary theft is perpetrated. All such clerical sinners we counsel to repent of the evil of their doings, and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. We suggest, moreover, that as a matter of *prudence* they will do well to follow this counsel. Sermon-stealing is really very hazardous business—too much so for any minister to encounter its perils who has a reasonable measure of self-love. The police of the public thought will be very likely to detect the deception. And on this subject, as well as on many others, it is well to bear in mind that "the birds of the air carry news."

JOHN CALVIN.

BY HENRY S. BURRAGE.

For many years Geneva has had a statue of Rousseau; though in 1763 the authorities of the city, at the instigation of Voltaire and the University of Paris, publicly burned his works, as destructive to the Christian religion and good government. Only lately, however, has Geneva had a memorial of Calvin—a name greater than that of the "wild, self-torturing sophist"; indeed, the one name which has given to Geneva such an important place on the pages of human history. The first movement with reference to this memorial was made in 1861, at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Geneva. In 1864, on the 300th anniversary of Calvin's death, a plan was adopted—that of a memorial hall, designed to promote by lectures, schools, etc., the interests of Evangelical religion here in the home of the Reformer. Contributions for this purpose were at once solicited, and in 1867 this memorial, known as "The Hall of the Reformation," was publicly dedicated.

I have called Geneva the home of Calvin; it was not, however, his birthplace. He was born at Noyon, in Picardy, July 10th, 1509. His father, Gerhard Calvin, though not of noble blood, held by reason of his talents an honorable position, and was the friend of the leading ecclesiastics and noblemen in the region where he lived. Especially was Gerhard Calvin on friendly terms with a noble family of the name of Mommor, one of the first in the land; and, having early discovered in his son signs of extraordinary talent, he placed him in this family, in order that he might be educated with the Mommor children. When the young Calvin was twelve years of age, his father, having devoted him to the

The Independent.

A STRAY LAMB.

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

O TENDER Shepherd, gather my lamb
Into Thy fold!
How can I sleep while he is astray
On the mountains cold?

Behold, I watch through the perilous night
With dreary fears;
Seeking my lamb with longing eyes,
That are dim with tears.

O infinite Heart, that for such as he
Bore mortal woe,
Is he not dearer to Thee than to me,
Though I love him so?

Seeking my lamb on the mountain-side
And wastes forlorn,
I meet Thee, Shepherd, with bleeding feet
And crown of thorn.

And while, thus watching, I hope and pray
The long night through,
It is comfort and rest to feel and know
Thou art watching too.

And surely Thou, with Thy rod and staff,
Will fold him in
Safe, safe at last from the snares of the foe
And the wilds of sin.

Oh, if he came not, my soul would stand
At the pearly gate—
Missing my lamb from the heavenly fold—
And weep and wait.

Speak to me, comfort me, Lord of life!
Make me sure of this—
That he will be with me before Thy throne
In the world of bliss.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

THERE was a barn-raising at Driscoll's; and, although it was scarcely the end of planting, the neighbors turned out in strong force. The first of June up in that high northern latitude had scarcely made ghosts of the dandelions; but the cattle enjoyed their meal on the green hill-sides, for it was a grazing country, and the sky was bluer than other skies are apt to be, with compact shining masses of cumuli conveyed by a fresh western breeze.

The boys were in for a good time that day at Driscoll's. The tables were spread in the great kitchen, and the Driscoll girls were famed for their pies and 'lection cake. The honest farmer had provided pailfuls of lemonade, and the coffee was made in the tin boiler; but he did not favor whisky drinking, being a firm "tee-totle," as Mother Hinchman said.

It was whispered around among the young men that Sally and Ann Driscoll would be ready for a dance in the evening; and old Jake, the black fiddler of the vicinity, was on hand, prepared to spin off Virginia reels and Spanish quicksteps by the yard. Most of the girls of the neighborhood had come in to help wait and lend a hand at the "chores." They were dressed in their prettiest muslin gowns and brightest belt-ribbons, with many a spit-curl twined tendril-like upon their foreheads, and wreaths of artificials bedecking the high back-combs then in fashion.

There was one little woman, not very robust looking, with a tender, appealing face, and soft large eyes, that shrank before too direct a gaze, who wore her hair in natural ringlets, brightened by a single white rose she had pulled from the bush that grew stragglingly against the old red farm-house where she lived. This was Nate Hillard's wife. She had come over early, with the baby; and she could not help running away now and then from the rather boisterous fun in the kitchen, to peep at little Nate, as he lay asleep in the bed-room under good Mother Driscoll's album quilt. He was a lusty, bouncing fellow, going on two, so stout in the arms and legs and so persistent about his own way that folks shook their heads and said he would soon get the whip-row of his little mother; but as for Elvira Hillard, I don't think anybody ever took quite so much pride in a handsome, imperious baby as she did in hers.

The Bascom people pretty generally admitted that Nate Hillard was a likely young man; who, with a moderate share of good luck, would be well off by and by. He was a popular fellow; but he had none of that shiftiness and easy morality which popular fellows are apt to have. His trade was that of a cooper, and he did odd jobs of farming-work during his slack time in summer. This year he had taken twenty acres to plant on shares; and there was some talk that eventually he was going to buy a half interest in Fink's saw-mill, which would enable him to get out the stuff he used in making butter-tubs and sap-buckets at a small cost.

Through the din and laughter in the kitchen, the concocting of lemonade, and clatter of plates, Elvira Hillard could hear the steady ye-ho! ye-ho! of the men, as they raised one side of the frame after another, and adjusted stud, and sleeper, and beam in its place. Farmer Driscoll knew how to push work. His neighbors called him a hard driver, and he was everywhere at the fore-front, putting his own broad shoulder to the wheel. There was a deal of hard tugging to be done. But the men wiped their perspiring faces, always ready for a joke; and now the ridge-pole was on, and before sundown the job would be completed.

The shadows were getting long and cool now, and Elvira was standing in the doorway of the old farm-house, which made a pretty frame for her girlish figure, wreathed as it was with scarlet beans and morning glories, while leaf and shadows flecked over her light dress. She was watching the progress of the building, and had just turned with a shade of anxiety upon her forehead, which had a pretty way of knitting itself about the brows, and said to Mother Driscoll, who loomed behind her like the homely, old-fashioned genius of Bounty, that she hoped the men would not be too venturesome. It almost made her dizzy to look at them—when somebody fell. There was a swaying in the crowd, and a sound like a low wail; and how it was conveyed to the little woman's stunned senses that Nate had got hurt she never quite knew.

It was inexplicable that he should have fallen at all; for he was a cool hand, perfectly used to the work, and springy on his feet. He was fitting a rafter at the time, and there was some little difficulty in making it set down to the plate; but, as generally happens in such cases, nobody was noticing at the exact moment when the poor fellow slipped. He had dislocated his hip, and in any case must remain a cripple for life; but there was also an ugly purple bruise on the left temple, that told badly for saving him.

He had been laughing only ten minutes before—such a cheery, hearty laugh; and now they got him into the kitchen, in a senseless condition, six men of them, for Nate was tall and heavy, and these facts were against him. In the dismay, for a moment, Elvira was forgotten, until somebody found her in a dead faint behind the door, her childish, appealing face as white to the lips as the poor withered rose in her hair. She was a long time in coming to. Mother Driscoll kept saying, "Poor young creature; it's sheer cruelty to bring her back," while she supported the curly head Nate had loved so against her ample bosom, and the tears plashed down warm and thick. The baby began to cry loudly and lustily from the bedroom, and to struggle out of the clothes with his little fat fists and feet. It must have been that sound that brought Elvira back to herself.

Nate lay motionless on an old chintz-covered lounge, under the window, where the breeze could blow upon his face. There had been a group of weeping woman around him; but Hester Goss, the best nurse in the country, sent them all quietly away to clear the tables, while she applied bruised [illegible] and such simple restoratives as were at her command. The room was beginning to look gravy, sickening smell of camphor. The doctor had not yet arrived. Now and then some of the younger men and boys took their hats off, and came in with pale faces, and looked at poor Nate as they would have looked at a dead body in church. A group weather-beaten farmers, looking dreadful of sober, were gathered outside near the door. Hosea Driscoll appeared to feel it more than any of them. He would have given the worth of his rich farm three times over to put Nate Hillard back where he was at ten o'clock that morning.

The little wife was kneeling now by her unconscious husband, and a series of dumb sobs shook her breast, although her eyes looked dry and scared, and her lips were tightly pressed together in a rigid line. Ann Driscoll went and took the baby from her mother's bed, half way feeling thankful for the blessed unconsciousness of childhood. He had waked up cross, with his face red, and the silky hair very moist where the beady drops of perspiration stood on the tender skin. He screamed vociferously for his mother; and at last she opened her arms to him, and then she crept nearer to the old lounge. And the child, hushed all of a sudden and half awed, looked into her suffering eyes. "Papa," he lisped softly, "poo papa!" and then his dimpled hand went piteously straying over the man's cheek, where a livid color showed under the tan, and wandered to his sun-browned neck, and through the thick locks of his hair, with a little patter of baby-wonders, that had never failed to wake poor Nate before. The steel bands that seemed binding Elvira's brain and heart gave way, and she threw herself on her husband's breast—that strong, manly breast, that had loved and sheltered her by every one of its throbs—and moaned like a hurt lamb, and cried, "Nate! Nate! Don't you know the baby? Wake up, or I shall die!"

"Let her be. It's good for her," said Hester Goss, holding the women back, while real genuine tears stood on her parchment visage.

It seemed as though Elvira's voice drew Nate back from over the brink, for he was passing away. He opened his eyes, and fixed them on her with just one gleam of recognition. Sunny, kindly, laughing blue eyes they were; but now the glaze of death was on them, a thick bead stood on his cold forehead, a trouble grew in his look, he tried to utter a sentence three times he tried in dire agony, and then there was the drawing of the mouth, the convulsive heaving of the chest, and all was over, just as the doctor [illegible] horse at the gate.

They took little Nate away by main force; and nothing would pacify him but the brass knobs on top of the old-fashioned looking-glass in the keeping-room. Elvira had clung to her husband's body as if her little frail hands would never let go; but a chill seized her, which was followed by a short, quick convulsion. The doctor and Hester Goss got her into a hot bath. Some of the elderly women, who were used to such things, began to prepare the body for burial. The great house-clock was stopped. Henry, the eldest son of the Driscolls, went with the two-horse team to Hingham to buy a coffin, taking his sister Ann along, who was to see about mourning for the poor little widow. He was to pick up the minister and bring him over on the way back. Gradually the knot of elderly men about the door melted away. Three of them took the road to Finktown, where Fink's mill and a spatter of houses stood beside a bridge and a brawling stream.

"Life's awful onsartin," remarked one of these—Uncle Abe Spencer, as he was called—with a sigh. This was about as far as Uncle Abe's philosophy went. Folks said he had worked himself into the condition of a well-seasoned pine-knot.

"Yes," said Deacon Hone, with a thought of improving the solemn occasion for the benefit of his impenitent comrades; "no man knows the day or the hour when he shall be called to give an account of the deeds done in the body. I tell you, it's an awful thought; and the young don't no more likely to escape than the old. Look at Nate Hillard. There wasn't a man in the county that could do a bigger day's work than he could; and here he is cut down like the grass that's cast into the oven. All I can say is, that I hope he was prepared. He never would jine the church; but he was under powerful conviction that last revival Elder Slocum held here, and I can't help thinking he experienced a change of heart."

The Deacon was a clumsy, shuffling man, with a tendency to nasal utterances. Now he took out his bandanna, put it well into the hollow of his large, freckled hand, and wiped his ridgy forehead.

"I wish my chance of getting to heaven was as free from risk as I think his is," said Joseph Bell, the man who had not yet spoken, throwing back his head toward Driscoll's. He had walked along gloomily, with a look bent on the road; and it was evident that Nate Hillard's untimely death had told upon him severely. He was a tall, dark man, with a compact head, set upon a broad base. His underjaw was powerful in its make, and it was easy to guess that, if Joseph Bell had taken wrong turn in life, he would have made all the hearts that loved him ache bitterly. As it was, though quick and terrible when roused, he was counted to have the soundest judgment and the longest head of any man in Bascom.

"Nobody in this community," he added, slowly, "toed the mark any closer than Nate did; and I guess it's the life that's going to tell, after all."

"You had better not lean on works," put in the Deacon, shaking his head. "If you do, you'll find it a broken reed."

"I wonder if the widder is left comfortably off?" said Uncle Abe, hitching up his tow trowsers, and changing his quid, with an evident desire to turn the conversation. "She don't know no more about taking care of herself than a kitten that hain't got its eyes open. And there is that bouncer of a boy poor Nate was so proud on; he looks as if he could whip her any time."

"There is no danger of their suffering, or going to the poor-house," replied Joseph Bell, gloomily.

"No, I don't 'spose there is," responded Uncle Abe, with another hasty twitch at his trowsers. "You'd see to that, of course, Joe; for you and Nate always have been thick ever sence you was little chaps. I allow, though, that Nate must have left a snug little pile. He was clost about his affairs; but last fall he bargained considerably for Jim Morse's place, and just now there was talk of his buying out half of Frink's interest in the mill."

Joseph Bell did not make any direct answer to Uncle Abe's rambling talk. "You'll be over to the funeral, of course," said he, as he turned down the lane toward his own house; and what reply came back he did not heed or hear. He walked forward to the gate of the Long Meadow, which was overshadowed by a wide-spread hickory tree. He had sent the two half-grown boys home ahead of him, to do the milking; and now the cow was just setting, making ruddy the stems of the trees, that cast long, dewy shadows upon the grass, and the birds sang as if nothing had ever gone amiss in the world. Joseph Bell leaned against the gate-post, and thought of poor Nate, until something very like tears forced its way up through the iron of his nature.

He remembered how they had stuck together since boyhood—how Nate stood by him once when he got into trouble. It was a hard scrape, and like to have proved his ruin; but Nate's firm friendship was the stepping-stone that helped him across the abyss. Then his thoughts came down to the time when Nate was in debt, and he had lent him a hundred dollars, the first money earned after working out his time to the old man. His memory lingered there lovingly. He was so glad now he could aid Nate. That, at least, was something to tie to. But further on, only six months ago, after Nate had given up buying the Morse place, one day, while they were standing by that very gate, Joseph remembered how he had offered to take Nate's savings, five hundred dollars or more, at ten per cent. interest for six months. And Nate had agreed to it, and had received a note of hand for the amount; although he laughed at the time, and said he would as soon take Joe's word as so much gold. The time of the note had nearly expired, and just a fortnight before Nate had come over to say that he had mislaid it. He was always a careless fellow about his papers. Joseph recollected his saying he did not care for himself; but, if anything should happen, of course, he must think of Elvira and the boy.

Joseph arranged to renew the note for three months. The bargain with Fink would not take effect until that time, and it was as well as the young cooper could do with his money, though times were tight. Joseph promised to bring the new note over the next day; but it slipped along, and never was given. The truth was, Farmer Bell was short of funds. He had added to his dairy that spring, and taken a few shares of the new railroad stock; and it was very important that he should wait until his butter was sold in the fall, and his crops gathered in, before he paid Nate that money.

As he was thinking that there was not a scrap of writing to show for this transaction, his eye happened to light on Long Meadow. It was a beautiful piece of ground, as level as a floor, and beginning to wave now with rank green grass, smooth and free from daisies. Just beyond it rose old Simeon Barlow's house. The old man was accounted the forehandedest man in the township. Folks said that he expected to live forever. He always kept a sum of money by him in the house, because he was afraid of banks. The Long Meadow made an ugly notch in the old man's farm, and he stood ready to buy it, and had any minute for the last thirty years. There had been a bitter quarrel between Simeon and Joseph's father about a right of way, which came down as a sort of legacy to Joseph; so that he had vowed he would not sell Long Meadow to Old Barlow if he should offer to cover it with gold eagles.

When he got home, his wife, who was a mild, pious woman, noticed his almost savage mood, and attributed it to grief over Nate's death. She could only pray that his affliction might be made a means of grace to her husband. She was always praying for him, and he knew it. He did not mind being prayed for by his wife; but he never meant to get religion. Sometimes the touch of her hand, though, upon his shoulder would sober him when his blood was up and there was danger of his hurting somebody.

Little Winny, his only girl, a sunny-faced darling, the apple of his eye, came and asked to be taken up and petted; but he pushed her off roughly, and she cried, and had to be kissed and comforted by her mother.

Every day for a week after the funeral Joseph Bell went to Long Meadow, and looked it over, and came back with a darker scowl on his face. It was the slack time between planting and hoeing, and there was not much work to be done. By this time it had come to light that Nate was owing a large store-bill in Hingham, and a few scattering debts, that the sum accruing from the sale of his personal property would no more than cover. The little wife, Elvira, had shown a force of character, after the first dreadful shock, none gave her credit for possessing. At first she was sure that Nate had a sum of money saved—quite a large sum; for, although he was close-mouthed about his affairs even to her, and her head was a little dazed now, she recollected a note he had taken from somebody, but who she could not tell. She searched everywhere, dropping her tears into bureau-drawers, and trunks, and in among poor Nate's clothes; but all to no avail.

It was settled that there should be an auction-sale of her things, her husband's tools, and the little household stuff they had worked so hard to get together—the bed, the cradle, the little book-stand, and sewing-chair—every one of them tied up in some way with her heart-strings.

"I guess I will go over to the auction to-morrow," said Mrs. Bell, on the evening previous to the sale. "I would like to buy in Elvira's work-table for her. You know how ingenious poor Nate was, and it was one he made for Elvira just after they were married."

"You shan't stir a step to that auction," said Joseph, with an oath, getting up and slamming the house-door behind him. He went out upon the road, and doggedly walked along with his head bent. It had come into his mind to go and offer Elvira and her boy a home in his house. He imagined there was such a thing as making a compromise with the Devil. Pretty soon a clatter of a horse's feet was heard behind him, and Stephen Fink, the miller's son, rode up.

"Good evening, Mr. Bell. I was just going over to your house. You see we are getting up a subscription to save the Widder Hillard's things, and we counted pretty liberally on you."

"D——d if you did!" replied Joseph, in a passion. "I won't pay a red. I do my own giving in my own way."

"You surprise me," said the young man, reining his horse aside. "We all supposed you were a great friend of poor Hillard's; and everybody is doing what they can, though times are hard. Farmer Driscoll has offered the widow and child a home as long as they care to stay there."

Joseph Bell uttered another oath, and did not stop to hear more. He turned abruptly back to his own house. It seemed as though he must get somewhere near his wife, or else the fiend would catch him. He crept round softly under her bedroom window. It was almost dark now, and the air was heavy with the perfume of sweet clover. Little Winny was kneeling, in her nightgown, on her mother's lap, saying her prayers. He heard her lisp out, "O Dod, bress 'ittle Natie, now he hain't got no papa."

This was too much for the tortured man to bear. His little, innocent child was blessing those he was striving so hard to curse.

An hour later he knocked at Simeon Barlow's door, and asked to see the old man alone. When he came out, old Barlow was chuckling, and Joseph found it hard to walk quite steady. It was a good mile to the old red farm-house where Nate Hillard had been so happy with his young wife. As he approached, he saw a light coming down stairs, and knew Elvira had just got Natie to sleep. When she opened the door, looking very pale and a little scared at the late knock, Joseph put a roll in her hand.

"This is conscience money," said he, with difficulty. "It's pay for that note that was lost. I hope poor Nate knows and sees."

His wife was still up, mending the boy's socks, when he reached home. He went in, and put his great arms round her, and laid his powerful black head on her bosom, and said, chokingly, "I've saved my soul to-night, wife, by selling Old Barlow the Long Meadow."

HER GRAVE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

In these delicious moments that are made
Costly with bounteous blossomings of May;
When softly over meadow-land or glade
Lengthens the silky verdure, day by day;
When gardens are a-flame with festal gold
Of crocus, and amid their dazzling gyres
The gaudy petals of the tulips hold
All Summer's future fires;

When skies are hourly changeful, roughened now
With wracks of thunderous purple, toppling dim,
Then fleeced with gauzy hazes that allow
Deep glimpses of the arching blue they skim;
When lovelier colors haunt the glooming west,
And keenlier sparkles, from his reach of pearl,
White Hesper; and from vale and mountain-crest
Phantasmal vapors curl;

When, like the mellowed bough, sad bosoms feel
Strange influence of yearning, warm and sweet,
Then, my lost darling, silently I steal
To paths made sacred with thy vanished feet;

And, near thy lonely grave, my heart regrets
Its anguish, bidding doubt's cold whisper cease,
For there I read, in heaven-hued violets,
God's tidings of thy peace!

FALLEN ANGELS IN "PARADISE LOST" AND THE "HOLY WAR."

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

AND the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day. Both the "Paradise Lost" of Milton and the "Holy War" of Bunyan begin back with this announcement in Peter and Jude, taken to refer to the conflict of the rebel angels against the Son of God, resulting in their expulsion from Heaven and imprisonment in Hell.

Of all this apostasy and rebellion, with the consequences, we know nothing but by divine revelation; outside of which the excursions of the human mind, unless guided by the disclosures in the Word of God, are doubt and darkness. Milton's "Paradise Lost," Jonathan Edwards's "History of Redemption," and Bunyan's "Holy War"—three great works, grounded in and guided by the Scriptures—contain perhaps as much as the reason and imagination of man combined will ever discover, set forth in historic and poetical symmetry and grandeur. Of all this disclosure from the bosom of a past eternity nothing more can be said than has been said by Milton: that it was by high permission of all-ruling Heaven that this revolt was carried to its consummation, and its authors were left at large to their own designs, that out of evil still might the divine prerogative bring forth good, and that all might see

"How all their malice served but to display
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown
On man by them seduced."

So there was war in Heaven. The marks of it are not wanting—the scoriæ, the craters of extinct volcanoes, the evidences of convulsions reaching back where the omnipresent and all-knowing One alone can fathom. These things loom up in the phantasmagoria of the Scriptures, like awful forms veiled in ragged, shifting clouds of mist, sometimes half blown away, and disclosing mountains of the dead, seas of fire, wrecks of past worlds, gloomy, lurid phantasms of spiritual intelligences, and visions of monsters, antediluvian, gigantic—a vast whirling dream, unbound, unmeasured by space, or time, or order.

Now the existence and agency of fallen spirits, and the connection of the character and destiny of our race with theirs, and the purpose and work of the Incarnation of the Son of God in the redemption for mankind by his atoning sacrifice, are so manifestly parts of one and the same divine revelation, and so logically and consecutively essential in the history and theology of the Bible, and so inseparable from it and from one another, that they stand or fall together. Accept any part, and you must take the system; reject any part, and the whole perishes. And this, so far from being an argument of imperfection in the structure of divine truth, reared for our abode and worship as a temple, is among the grandest evidences of its divine origin and glory. Such a system never could have come from men, if they would; never would, if they could. Mankind would not have portrayed themselves under such an existence and character, in thralldom to the author of their sin; nor have given their sin so detestable a position, quality, and consequence; nor have set in their redemption from it so mighty an elucidation of its enormity, and of their own helplessness and ruin; nor would they have represented themselves as saved by the mere sovereign, unbought, undeserved, and sole mercy of the Infinite Jehovah, whose law they had violated.

The doctrine of the cross comes down from the revolt of angels, and through the sin of man, who never could have revealed such a system, being true, and never would have forged such a system, being false. If true, then beyond the possible reach of man's faculties, and knowable only by divine revelation; if false, then contrary to the inevitable working of man's nature. If true, and consequently man himself false, then the true record never could have come from man; if false, and consequently man himself true, then a false and self-slandering record would neither have been contrived nor entertained by him.

We say the existence and agency of fallen spirits; and here we stand not only at the beginning of revealed theology, but at the starting-point and fountain of the grandest developments of human genius in poetry and prose literature. Nor is it by chance, or choice of man merely, but Providence, that the highest human genius has been occupied with these subjects, and in and by such occupancy has created fountains of thought and piety, that from such hights pour down to enrich the world. A heaven-inspired and endowed genius of the highest order was requisite for the worthy presentation of such mighty truth—able to discern its glory, and capable of moving amidst it with a dignity and grandeur suited to the splendor of its ministries. Such was the genius of Milton; such, and in some respects in hardly a lower range even of native capacity, was the genius of Bunyan. The commanding power of that age of intellect over ours is due to the existence then of one or two such men of creative genius.

But there was a wide difference between them. For Milton was the representative and flower of scholars, and of the richest and profoundest classical discipline and universal culture in all science that the mind of man had grasped; while Bunyan was a man of the uneducated people, the representative and growth of native strength thrust out from illiterate and uncultivated classes, with absolutely nothing of human culture in the schools, and no books but the Bible, his "Concordance," and Fox's "Book of Martyrs." A wide difference, also, in that, while Milton was higher up above the masses—so high, indeed, that only in gradual lapse of years does the light from his orb reach them—and Bunyan, on the contrary, as a light made for their own sphere, and created among them; yet in spiritual things Bunyan was nearest to the throne of God, and came down as an angel from that throne to mingle among men, and sit at their tables, and bring them angels' food in their own homely vessels, angelic themes and thoughts in their own idiomatic dialect.

This great benefit Bunyan has been the instrument of conferring upon the common mind of his country and race. Milton's intellectual riches needed, in order to be brought to market, interpreters and middlemen; but Bunyan's needed none—no culture but of conscience and common sense, under the most ordinary acquaintance with the Scriptures, and the first beginning of a learning of the value of the soul.

In the "Paradise Lost" and the "Holy War" a large portion of both works is occupied with the life of fallen angels; and here there is a marked difference in the delineation. The prophets Amos and Isaiah, the herdman and the educated priest, are not so diverse as Bunyan and Milton. There is no comedy in Milton's "Paradise Lost"; there is so much of it in Bunyan's "Holy War," even amidst all the solemnity and pathos of its scenes, that the perusal of it keeps the reader in the enjoyment of a vein of quiet humor all the while that he is following the gloomiest of eternal realities. You never smile in Milton's presence as a teacher; but in Bunyan's, although the teachings are more definite and pungent, you laugh at the grim and honest caricatures, and enjoy the satire, even amidst the scenery and rough, rowdy diabolisms of Hell-gate Hill.

Among the scenes bodied forth by the imagination of the poet from the suggestions of the Scriptures in regard to the lost angels and their battles Milton always moves as with the solemn grandeur of Isaiah. How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! Hell from beneath is stirred up to meet thee at thy coming! Is this the being that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms?

In Bunyan the archangel ruined has disappeared from the vision, and a humpbacked, distorted devil takes the stage, quite vulgar in the comparison, but truer to the nature and progress of sin in a once high but now for ages fallen and bestial intelligence. Bunyan, indeed, might be called the Smollet of the literature of the prison-life and character of devils, the literature of pandemonium and its transactions, and of what might be denominated the career of the ticket-of-leave demons in their wanderings up and down in the earth and to and fro upon it. Bunyan as a satirist and humorist possessed some of the best characteristics of De Foe. The author of the "Life and Death of Mr. Badman" might have written the "Life of Captain Singleton," and the "History of Colonel Jack"; but De Foe never could have written the "Pilgrim's Progress," nor the "Holy War"—certainly not without the same transfiguration and sanctification of his genius by the Holy Spirit that drew Bunyan from among the pots and kettles of Bedford, to make him crown jeweler for the Celestial City.

WOMEN AND IDIOTS.

I.

THERE are women who don't want to vote. There are women who don't want to marry. So much the worse for both classes! Men and women are counterparts; they *ought to want* to do every duty that needs united action, and heart is as much needed in the management of national affairs as in household, and "the same qualities of *brain* are necessary for the governmental affairs of a state as of a household. But how absurd is the plea that we should recognize no woman's right to vote until all American women shall demand the ballot! *Zion's Herald* well asks, "If there was a law against ladies' marrying, would you say that it should not be repealed until all had expressed a desire for marriage? Take down the bars. Enroll all names of a legal age. It compels no one to vote. If none wish to go to the polls, none will. The laws forbidding honorable marriage between certain classes in this state were repealed. Did that compel all persons of the interdicted class to rush together? Let those aggrieved and unjustly constrained be set at liberty. Let the rest act also their pleasure."

II.

There are 662 female teachers in Boston. One hundred and thirty of them have signed a petition asking for the suffrage of women. These petitioners are women of talent and fine culture; they have to undergo a rigorous examination before receiving their appointments; they are deemed worthy by select committees of our best citizens—*best* in character as much as in social position—to be the trainers of the rising generation. They could fill almost any civil office under the state or Federal Government, even if Mr. Jenckes's bill were a law. Yet every half-civilized peasant from Tipperary or Strafordshire who comes here can vote, and does vote, after a short probation; while these cultivated and noble women are put beyond the pale of political life. Does any thinking man imagine that this insane anomaly can be perpetuated forever?

III.

Eight thousand educated women asked for the right of suffrage, last winter, in formal petitions to the Massachusetts legislature. Is *this* indifference?

IV.

There are followers of Swedenborg who are "imagining the vain thought" that the authority of that great master can be brought to bar or arrest the onward march of woman to the polls. They are brewing a storm that *may* divide or decimate the New Church; but it will be powerless against this majestic movement. Swedenborg was once invoked to protect slavery. With what result? Good men quietly left the church, and others who would have joined it remained outside. The same men who prostituted the "Heavenly Doctrines of the New Jerusalem" to the vile uses of Southern slavery have been glad enough, since the opening of the war, to let the thick scales fall from their eyes, and see that their illuminated master taught no such doctrine of devils as the rightfulness of human bondage. They can find now abundant evidence in his writings that slavery was the "lust of dominion." Let them beware to-day how they construe Swedenborg as opposed to equal rights. It will save them the trouble hereafter of eating their own interpretations; for, with their aid or against their opposition, this cause *will* triumph—nay, *must* triumph—before the reign of Love and Wisdom, which prevails in the heavens, can descend to the earth. Literalism—a worship of the *letter* of Swedenborg—has dwarfed and crippled the New Church in times past; it may find that it will be forced to fight for its existence, if it ventures to lay its icy hand on woman. The recent defeat of High Churchism is a very trifling victory—our America would not have stood such rubbish long—compared to the need of suppressing this threatening movement against a vital issue. For the church that will not march with the age must be trodden under foot by it. I speak as a Swedenborgian, and in the interest of the New Church.

V.

Men who sneer at "petticoat government" should remember, with due feelings of shame for our own sex, that, by universal American admission—until, at least, the shot against Sumter raised doubts about it—the wisest, purest, and most august type of pantaloon government, the convention that framed the Federal Constitution, had not wit enough to contrive a machine that could run for a single century. Every one now sees that they were a set of bunglers. Why? Because, while they had head enough, they had not heart enough in their hall. They had wisdom, but not love. They *saw* that slavery was wrong, but they did not *feel* for the bond as bound with him. Half a dozen of the humblest women in America at that time—the first squad of "female hands," brought at haphazard from the nearest plantation—if *their* advice had been asked and followed, would have saved us the Rebellion, with all its wasted treasures, and wicked crimes, and woeful agonies. These wise men—wise in their own and their country's conceit—were content to construct an infernal machine, and call it a glorious constitution; but it exploded before their children were under the sod, and the avenging angel wrote their condemnation in the blood of their immediate descendants. That has been the greatest achievement on this planet of pantaloon government up to date. For one, I hardly care to exult too lustily over it; and, if I were to try, the death-rattles of the myriad martyrs of the Union would drown the unseemly cheers.

BERWICK.

FORESHADOWINGS.

BY W. J. TILLEY.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," etc.—I. COR., v. 9.

Doze he not oft, who in the twilight sits and listens,
After the noisy tumult of the boisterous day,
Catch in the hush and quiet wond'rous strains of music,
Wafted in sweetest cadence on the breezes' play—
Then on the slumb'rous silence
Dying in air away?

And hast thou never in life's battle and confusion,
When, mid the vexing turmoil of the clamorous time,
There came a pause, heard in the blessed stillness
The distant music of the everlasting chime,
Now swelling, now receding,
In symphony sublime?

Hast thou not oft, when on thy raptured vision
Has beamed a face in which all heavenly graces shine,
Thought there was half revealed, e'en in that face's beauty,
Suggestion of a form and radiance more divine—
Dim, shadowy, yet prophetic,
Mysterious, undefined?

Oh! earth is full of symbols and prophetic voices,
Of sense more deep than finite blindness e'er shall see;
We catch here but a glimpse, a strain, a vague suggestion,
The faintest image of the glory yet to be,
When Time, in tone majestic,
Proclaims "Eternity!"

To Faith's keen eye alone the veil is partly lifted,
And beams of heavenly radiance pierce the murkiest cloud;
The ear of Love full oft discerns celestial music,
Which to the grosser ear of sense is ne'er allowed,
Though to the soul in waiting
'Tis strangely clear and loud.

The rarest pearls are found deep-hid in stillest caverns,
Far from the noisy babblings of the pebbly shore;
So Truth comes to the soul in hours of sacred silence,
Far from the prating rabble's senseless rush and roar—
Truth dwells with God, in quiet,
For him whose heart is pure.

BRISTOL, R. I., July, 1869.

THE MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY.

BY REV. LYMAN ABBOTT.

TIP-TOP HOUSE, MT. WASHINGTON, July 20th, 1869.

ON the top of the highest land—with perhaps one exception—east of the Rocky Mountains, with the wind this July night singing with a solemn music that calls up reminiscences of January on the Atlantic, driven in doors by a thick mist which veils the moon and hides everything from vision, I sit down in a sort of hopeless endeavor to describe to you the utterly indescribable, and to put upon paper impressions the mere effort to recall which bewilders me. I have stood on mountain peaks before, and looked off on views of wide-extended landscape, lovelier than any I have seen to-day. It is not the grand sweep of almost illimitable forest, where the trees seem only like a velvety lawn, which the Almighty has sown with verdure; it is not the distant horizon, where the blue of the mountain and the purple of the clouds melt and mingle into indistinguishable forms; it is not the lakes, that shine here and there in the rays of the setting sun; it is not the glimpse of villages far away, nestling among the trees, or embosomed in cultivated and carpeted fields, all of whose rocky roughness is lost in the dim distance; it is not the frightful chasms, up whose side we have been climbing, with their weird wilderness of giant rocks and rugged, half-clad trees; it is not the mountains themselves, in the midst of which we are, whose grand yet graceful forms defy all comparison, yet can be likened in my mind to nothing else than a sublime ocean, tossed into billows measured in miles, then suddenly turned by the fiat of Jehovah into rock; it is not the clouds, whose drapery is Nature's highest expression of perfect and inimitable grace, and whose forms, ever shifting, ever new, are each one a study; it is neither one nor all of these combined that will render this visit to Mount Washington an era in my life. It is the sense of altitude—the strange consciousness of being uplifted above all earth, and earthy thoughts and feeling; the strange religious awe that solemnizes even the most careless and profane, as though somehow I had solved the problem that Babel's builders labored at, and were actually nearing God and Heaven; the inexpressible feeling that enables me to realize as I never did before why God has chosen mountain solitudes for his most glorious revelations of himself, why Moses talked face to face with God in a mountain, why Elijah heard the still small voice in the mountain, and why Jesus loved through all his life to ascend mountains for his most sacred seasons of communion, and in a mountain-top revealed himself in transfigured glory to his disciples.

This feeling was intensified, if it was not produced, by the mode of our ascent—the railway. It was an audacious conception, that of Mr. Marsh, the founder of the Mt. Washington Railway. It was a wonderful and a bold achievement that of Mr. J.J. Sanborn, the superintendent of the road, who constructed the last and most difficult two-thirds of it. An ascent of over three thousand six hundred feet is accomplished in less than three miles. Long grades are built at an angle of over thirty degrees. The carriage-road was rightly thought a marvel of human skill. What shall we say of the railway? The former winds along the gentler slope of the mountain—if anything can be called gentle in such a scene of unparalleled grandeur. The latter climbs in an almost straight path its steep declivity. The former takes eight miles to make the ascent. The latter makes it in less than three. The steepest grade in the carriage-road is about fourteen feet to one hundred. The steepest in the railway is a little over one foot to three. It is a ladder, three miles long, resting on the side of a precipitous mountain. You climb it by steam.

I confess the idea of this railroad ride was not at first agreeable to me. I should have chosen either of the three other ways—carriage-road, bridle-path, my own feet—in preference, if I had had the time. I had made the ascent of Mt. Holyoke by rail. I was drawn up, like a bucket out of a well, by a long rope, with a stationary engine. If that rope should break, nothing could save the car from being dashed into a thousand atoms on the rocks below. All the assurances of the superintendent that there was no danger could not expel that thought from my mind. Not all the beauty of the most enchanting prospect I ever saw could tempt me into that car again. Besides, to ride up the mountain-side in an ordinary car would destroy, it seemed to me, all romance. I even hesitated at the foot whether I would not walk. The ride did not merely agreeably disappoint me. It proved the reverse of my expectations. When I came to see how perfect a system of brakes had been invented and applied—brakes either one of which, and there are three, entirely independent of each other, enables the engineer to stop the train on the steepest grade in four inches; when I saw how they supplemented each other, so that, if one broke, another was ready to take its place; when I perceived that the car was independent of the engine, and that no accident happening to the one could affect the other; when I saw that even carelessness would not be fatal, but that it was doubtless true, as Mr. Marsh explained to me, that he could load the car with stone at the top and arrange the brakes so that it would descend to the bottom in safety, with no brakeman on board; and, above all, when I felt, as we began the long and steep ascent, how perfectly the train was under the control of the engineer, and how great was at once his confidence and his care, I dismissed all fears, and gave myself up to the enjoyment of the grandest emotions I ever experienced—grander in some respects than those which the ocean storm enkindles. And, as our engine pushed us steadily up—up—up into the air, and the earth receded, and the trees, the hills, even the lesser mountains lay beneath our feet, it seemed to me that no other method of ascent could be so grand, no other could give in such measure a conception of being lifted up above the earth into the realm of clouds, into the very companionship of Heaven. "It seems," said one of our party, "as though we were trespassing on the domain of the Almighty." He gave in odd phrase expression to a sentiment which I think all shared.

The railway has been in course of construction for a couple of years or so. It has been in operation only since the first of July. It runs from the base of the mountain to the Tip-Top House. It makes the ascent in about an hour and a half, and takes about the same time to come down. The station is about ten miles from the Crawford House, about seven from the Mt. Washington House. Mr. Marsh is, however, constructing a small hotel at the foot of the mountain; which will probably be done before this article reaches the eye of your readers. For the simple purpose of ascending the mountain this hotel will be the best point of departure. Whoever visits the White Mountains should see this wonder of modern skill, the Mt. Washington Railway. Few will see it who will not wish to avail themselves of it for the purpose of ascending to the summit.

Music.

MR. GEORGE LEACH writes a good letter from Concord to *Dwight's Journal of Music* on the performance of Handel's choruses at the Jubilee. After remarking how necessary it is, for an adequate interpretation of "The Messiah," that both singers and conductor should be penetrated with the living faith which that great composition embodies, he says:

"Handel's melodies are too pure for a sensuous age. Hence there are but few who can really appreciate and love them; and, if they cannot appreciate, how can they interpret and sing? How simple, yet pure, is that song of his, 'Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty!' I recollect Malibran singing this in Manchester, England. It was the last thing she ever sang in the body. She sang it conscious that her end was near—when all the outward was fading from her sight, and when, as it was said, cruel treatment and great suffering had thrown her to seek Him who alone can give peace and rest; and so her singing this simple but pure song was as if Heaven opened to her, and she beheld the glory of which she was singing. And Jenny Lind told the people of New York that in fifty years or more they would begin, perhaps, to appreciate Handel; but that she perceived at present they could not appreciate or love his music."

....The next place attacked by the Jubilee mania, after New York and Philadelphia had given symptoms of the disease, was Springfield, in Massachusetts. That thriving and beautiful little city purposes having its feast as early as next month, with anvils and firemen, after the orth

Our Young Folks.

IRISH PATTY.

Picking berries by the roadside,
Finger-tips a blushing red,
Patty stands among the bushes,
With a sunbeam on her head.

Earnest eyes of heaven's azure,
Gazing at the bunches bright,
Wondering if her little measure
May be full before the night.

Brown, bare feet, now standing tiptoe
On the warm and fragrant sod;
Patty thinks she reaps her harvest
From the outstretched hand of God.

Patient, tireless little helper,
Deftly picking berries red;
Thinking only of poor mamma,
Working hard in yonder shed.

All her wealth before her hanging—
Clustering sprays so rich and rare,
While the pennies which they bring her
Help to make the cabin fair;

Help to ease the mother's burden,
Charm the father's frown away;
Little Patty loves to labor
All the warm, bright summer day.

The poor ye have about ye ever—
Jesus sent them in his stead;
And one is Patty by the roadside,
With the sunbeam on her head.

H. K. P.

AMHERST, MASS.

LITTLE NANNY.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

GRANDMA PAGE leaned very near to the pale face of little Nanny. The child was so still, the color had so drifted from lips, cheeks, and brow, that the old lady thought she had fallen into that last sleep that seals so many precious eyes forever. But no; as she listened, with that old, anxious look of hers, in which years of waiting and watching seemed concentrated, there came a touch upon her cheek, faint as the softest zephyr, and which was the breath of life.

"Pretty darling! how well she sleeps!" murmured Grandma Page, resuming her knitting. "I wonder if she peeps through sometimes into the Celestial City? She seems always in such a maze, 'twixt wonder and regret, when she wakes up. Like enough she sees the angels, sweet dear; for how else, would she be so happy? Well, well, the world is wearing away from both of us; but I would that she went first, poor lammie, if it be the Lord's will."

Suddenly Grandma Page was startled by a shuffling step, and a shadow darkened the window. The old lady looked up, aversion in her usually mild face, and drew back a little, as a wild, haggard countenance, with bleared eyes, looked in upon her.

"Don't be afraid, old lady," said this monstrosity, striving to correct the thickness of his tongue, and leaning his heavy body against the post outside, half concealing his filthy, ragged clothes. "They say you've got my Nan with you."

The woman sat like a statue for a moment, gazing stonily at the intruder; then, as if the ejaculation were forced from her, she cried:

"Great Heaven, Dr. Styles! They told me of this; but—but—"

"Didn't expect to see so handsome a gentleman," muttered the bloated man, with a strange, sickening leer. "Well, its me, an' no mistake this time. They say Nan is sick. Now I'm p'fessional man myself, you know an' I ain't going to have any fooling with my—hic—my daughter."

By this time the unmistakable signs of drunkenness were upon the man. He leaned and reeled against the pillar, hiccoughed, and finally slid down, almost helpless, on the porch.

"Oh, dear, dear! Here is new trouble," sighed Grandma Page, as she hurriedly put her knitting aside. "What shall I do? The child hasn't seen her father for years, and he'll frighten her to death."

She went out slowly on the porch. The man seemed overtaken by drowsiness, and had coiled himself round in a drunken fashion, while the hot sun glared in his face.

"Can it be possible?" sighed the kind-hearted woman. "Dr. Styles, so elegant, so handsome, so prosperous on his wedding-day; and now he lies here, while his little child, taken from the work-house, is dying in my poor home. Well, I must shade his dreadful face from the sun. I must give him shelter, I fear, for the child's sake, seeing that she can't live; and, if he behaves unseemly, why there's help within call. Poor Nellie Benton! Little did they who loved you as the apple of the eye foresee this sad day!"

Little indeed. When Parson Benton's daughter left the parish church, seventeen years ago, in all the pride and glory of her youthful beauty; when she left her native village, and the strong arm was round her, the handsome eye beaming love upon her, who dreamed that she would come back faded and dying, with a babe upon her bosom—a woman utterly wrecked in body and mind? They found her one sunny May morning, crouching upon the mound where her father and mother laid together, the daisies growing over them; and they took her to the poor-house, and cared for her.

Tidings had reached them that Dr. Styles was intemperate, that he was fast sinking into utter degradation; but the old minister, though he grew rapidly gray, and the old minister's wife, though she wore a sadness on her face that had always before been remarkable for its cheerful serenity, never spoke of their child's husband, though they went once a year to the city, and came back always more aged and sorrowful. No wonder that Disease laid his unsparing hand upon them, and that they died, one within six months of the other.

Nelly never came near them. She was ill, they said—ill and broken-hearted, for she had laid five children in the grave. Aye; but it was not for that she was broken-hearted, poor soul!

And the minister's daughter, once so beautiful, high-spirited, and envied for her good fortune, died in the poor-house. Kind hands tended her, her father's old friends bent over her; but she never knew it. They carried her body to the little gray church, and the successor of Parson Benton preached her funeral sermon.

The baby, two years old, and a sickly little creature, whose pale blue eyes moved listlessly from face to face, and from whose grieved lips cry or speech seldom came, was looked upon as a burden and consigned to the authorities. Grandma Page heard of it; and, though nearly seventy, her sweet face burned with indignation.

"Will they leave the poor lamb on the parish?" she cried, clutching at the strings of her old gray bonnet—"the grandchild of my minister? No; the Lord helping me, I'll take it myself. My old hands are none of the strongest; but they haven't forgot their cunning yet." And so she presented herself to the authorities; and her meek, sweet face put them to the blush, so that they stammered, and were thoroughly ashamed of themselves, and the whole parish to boot. Grandma Page would have the baby, when people seemed to wake up to their duty and began to clamor for the child. She had the first right and the best, she said; and she had her way in the bargain. She took the little white waif home with her, and tried to coax health into its puny limbs; but she failed. The poor babe was born with disease fastened upon its vitals, and it grew so slowly that after seven years it looked like a child of three. But it was sweet company for Grandma Page. It needed nothing but love and care, while it blossomed weakly here; and these it had. Its little, old-fashioned prattle often drew in the curious neighbors; who seldom left the house with eyes as dry as when they entered.

Grandma Page had been very happy with the "baby," as she always called it; and looked forward almost with dread to the time when this tender tie should be severed. Of the child's father she had not heard since the day of its mother's funeral, and supposed him dead. She was, therefore, but little prepared for this strange incident of the morning.

After she had shaded the drunkard's face, and contrived to thrust a pillow under his repulsive head, she hurried down the road, and entered a neat little shop, where sat a cobbler, waxing his thread.

"I mustn't stop a minute, Brother Heth," she said; "only poor little Nan's drunken father has come back, and is lying on my porch fast asleep. If you hear my bell any time to-day, come up; for I don't know what the man may do."

"Her father?" repeated the man, stupidly; "what—Dr. Styles?"

"Yes. A pretty doctor he must be! And I want you to tell Neighbor Davis, so I may have help at hand, if it is required."

The shoemaker promised, and Grandma Page hurried home. To her horror, when she reached the gate, the man had disappeared. She went in the house, her limbs trembling so that they hardly supported her; and there the man held the child in his arms, dandling and tossing her.

"Oh, my lamb!" cried Grandma Page, white and weak. "Put the child down, my good man," she continued, in a voice of entreaty; she is very sick—you will kill her."

"She's my own!" he cried, fiercely; "an' I'm a man of s'perience. S'pose I don't love my own child?"

"Don't be afraid, Grandma," cried a faint but cheerful little voice. "He won't hurt me; will you, dear?" and she played with his tawny beard. "He is papa, he says."

"Oh, but she is so sick!" moaned Grandma Page. "At least, lay her down on your knee; keep her quiet. Oh, my lamb, my little lamb!"

"She isn't your lamb," retorted the drunkard, thickly; "she's my lamb. I tell you what, she wants bleeding, that's what she wants. I—"

But Grandma Page was gone. She had forgotten about the preconcerted signal, and, out of breath, presented herself in the shoemaker's shop. He, nothing loath, hurried back with her.

"He has killed my lamb, he has taken her away!" cried the poor woman, nearly frantic. Her bed-room door was open. She looked in; the man had thrown himself down, with the child snuggled in his arms. He was breathing heavily. As for the little one, a strangely sweet smile lighted her face with an awesome beauty. Was she sleeping? They drew nearer. The lips were waxen, the eyes half unclosed, the frail, sweet little body laid tenantless; the suffering, tender angel had flown away from its loathsome resting-place—from a drunkard's bosom, to the throne of God.

"Let be, Grandma," said the shoemaker, speaking in a whisper. "Let be, he can't harm her now; she's all right, she's safe home. Don't worry; you've done your duty, and I wouldn't have her sold. Let him come to seeing her so. If God's got mercy in store for him, 'twill be through that angel."

So they left them together: and the poor old woman grieved sorely for herself and her lonely condition, though in the midst of her tears there came sweet thoughts of the child's endless rest.

And the drunkard awoke with a chill at his heart, a chill that pierced him through and through like a sword. He started from the bed, he held the lifeless form nearer, then with a cry of despair put it from him. His impression was that he had killed the child, and the fires of hell seemed raging in his wicked heart. A sudden weakness seized him. Days after that little form had been consigned to the earth, by the side of her mother, the man laid alternating between despair and delirium; and still Grandma Page watched over him. His convalescence was slow. For months he did not rise from his sick-bed. All the village was interested in his welfare; and the noble old woman who nursed him wanted for nothing. Even after that the man's remorse wasted his strength and retarded his recovery. In that poor home, where little Nanny's angel presence seemed ever hovering, he repented of his evil ways and gave his heart to God. The conversion was genuine. The old doctor of the village, almost past practice, trusted him; and he won his way back to respectability once more. But he was always a sad man. Smiles seldom visited his lips; indeed, some said he was never seen to smile. The graves of his wife and little child were faithfully tended, and were beds of color and perfume during the season of flowers; and no woman's smile was sweet enough to lure him to marry again. He is now a handsome, hale old man; but there is visible on his countenance still that remorseful look, which only death can obliterate.

As for Grandma Page, the angels have long had her in their keeping.

WHY ANNE WAS UNHAPPY.

BY OLIVE RAYMOND.

LITTLE ANNE got out of bed feeling very unhappy. She had not rested well the first part of the night; and in the morning, when everybody else was up and wide-awake, her little peepers begged for more sleep. She thought mamma, sister, and nurse were cross; though, in fact, they were as pleasant as usual.

Instead of dressing herself, she sat down on the floor and gazed at her toes. You would have thought, from the expression of her face, that they had been very naughty little toes, and had done her some great injury.

When she had become tired of looking at them, she began to dress. She washed her face and hands; the soap got into her eyes. She put on her boot; the string got twisted in a knot. She combed her hair; it got into a snarl. She put on her dress; and a pin which she had left in it the night before scratched her.

When she ate her breakfast, her coffee was too hot and the cakes were too cold. She was too near the fire, and she would not go nearer the window. Johnny looked too sober, and Allie laughed too much. She was sorry she had risen so early, and she was sure she would be late at school.

She was in such a miserable humor that she made all the family uncomfortable by her complaints. Johnny said she must have gotten out of bed head first; and Allie thought she had better go back, and get up again in the right way.

Her mother asked her kindly if she were sick. No. If she wanted this or that, naming several different things. No, she did not want any of them. "Well, then, my child, what do you want?" asked her mother.

Now Anne could not think of anything in particular that she did want. She only knew that she did not want anything that she could have; so she said, "I want something that you have not got, mamma."

Then Anne had a real good cry. After that she felt a little better; but two or three days passed before she felt quite happy again.

Now, what do you suppose made everything look so blue to Anne that morning? Her mother did not know, and I do not think she has found out yet. But I think I know; for I was visiting her house the evening before, and saw Anne eat heartily of meat, hot biscuit, rich cakes, and preserves for her supper. I am sure that if I had eaten such a supper I should have been cross and unhappy too the next day.

It seems strange to me that grown-up people will allow children to eat such things, particularly at night. Hot bread and rich cakes should never be eaten by anybody at any time; but they are more injurious at night than early in the day.

I sometimes see men and women who are nervous, peevish, and unreasonable; and who, by being so, make all about them uncomfortable. I always feel pretty sure that such persons eat or drink that which is hurtful, and too much of it too.

God has made for our use an abundance of good and healthful food and drink; and, if we would be content to use such only, we should be healthier and happier.

Neither Anne nor her mother suspected that the food she had eaten was the cause of her wretched feelings that morning, because she had no pain in any particular spot.

If any person had treated Anne as she had treated her stomach, she would have thought herself very badly dealt with. If her stomach could have spoken, it might have said, "Please do not make me work so hard to-night, to digest all these unwholesome things. I have been busy all day helping to change the breakfast and dinner you ate into the blood which is to carry nourishment to every part of your body. I am tired and need rest, so as to be able to work for you again to-morrow. Take only a light supper, and I will allow you to sleep well all night, and you will awake in the morning refreshed and cheerful."

We call men who drink whisky and other intoxicating drinks very foolish and wicked; and so they are. But I think that persons who eat too much, and food that is not wholesome, are foolish and wicked also.

People seem to forget that the stomach has anything to do with the rest of the body. They remind me of a little boy I once knew. His mother told him to come out of the water, in which he was wading. She told him that getting his feet wet would make his tooth ache again. He thought he was wiser than she, so he replied, "But my feet are not near my teeth!"

If children wish to be healthy, happy, and useful when they grow up, they must be temperate in eating as well as in drinking. They should eat plain, healthy food, and not too much of it.

Sunday Schools.

OUR most successful pastors are giving increased attention not only to their Sunday schools, but to distinct preaching services for the young. The well-known fact that a vast majority of conversions occur in very early life is becoming recognized as very important and significant. Preaching services and ordinary means of grace other than the Sunday school practically ignore the most hopeful and promising class of the people. This is felt by many pastors to be a folly and an absurdity. Chaplain Trumbull's book contains complete formulas for the children's services, besides numbers of outline sermons to children, and is a step in the right direction. We hope the day is not distant when our theological seminaries shall recognize the existence of the little folks, and furnish the coming minister some adequate training in the ordinary principles of teaching, and in proper methods of addressing children; so that he will be able to instruct teachers, and preach acceptably to the most impressible portion of his people. Appropos to this subject, we quote the following from Dr. Bushnell. He says:

"I think of nothing in my own ministry with so much regret and so little respect as I do of my omissions here. We get occupied with great and high subjects, that require a handling too heavy and deep for children, and become afraid to be so estimated of with we do that we call it coming down when we undertake the preaching to children; whereas it is coming up, rather, out of the subterranean holds, darknesses, intricacies, dungeon-life profundities of old, grown-up sin, to speak to the bright daylight creatures of trust, and sweet affinities, and easy conversion. And to speak to these fitly, so as not to thrust in Jesus on them as by force, but to have him win his own dear way by his childhood, writing for his cross, tenderly, purely, and without art—oh, how fine, how very precious the soul equipment it will require of us! I think I see it now clearly: we do not preach well to adults, because we do not preach, or learn how to preach, to children. Jesus did not forget to be a child: but, if he had been a child with us, we should probably have missed the light of him. God's world contains grown-up people and children together; our world contains grown-up people only. And, preaching only to these, who are scarcely more than half the total number, it is much as if we were to set our ministry to a preaching only to bachelors. We dry up in this manner, and our thought stems in a certain pump of

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
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New York, August 5th, 1869.

THE SECRETS OF THE PRISON-HOUSE.

THE recent turbulent proceedings at Sing Sing have attracted a general attention to the management of our penitentiaries, which we may hope will lead to changes in the management of them which will make a repetition of such outbreaks impossible. Effects always imply causes; and it is the duty of all good citizens, and especially of those on whom the safety and the credit of the state depends, to see to it that these causes are diligently searched out. We know no more than our neighbors about the internal management of the penitentiary at Sing Sing. But, in common with all our neighbors, we know that there is some reason for such an insubordinate state of things as lately existed there—if, indeed, it has been yet overcome. A single act of violence against an officer may arise from motives personal to the convict committing it. It may be revenge toward the party injured, it may be malice against all mankind, it may be madness, it may be desperate wickedness. But when the disposition to rebellion and insubordination is general or widespread the inference is unavoidable that there is something rotten in the management of the institution. And it is this something that should be probed to the bottom.

The men inside penitentiaries are of like passions with those outside of them. They do not act without motives; and the natural tendency of the great mass of them is to make the best of their lot, and to submit to what they cannot help. They know that outside of the stone walls which hedge them in there are living walls of hundreds and thousands of men ready to close upon and crush them if they offer to overpower their keepers and scale those stony battlements. If they are ever aroused to anything like an organized resistance to such overpowering and hopeless odds, the probability is that there is something wrong in the methods of administering their punishment, which calls for investigation, and amendment when discovered. Whoever has been in the way of visiting prisons will have been struck, we think, as we have been, by the fact that the countenances of the prisoners are generally indicative of weakness, rather than of strength of character. Some, not a few, harder villains there may be who show in their faces marks of resolution of purpose and strength of will. But the generality of these unhappy men, as far as we have observed, look rather like vacillating, feeble persons, of no sufficient strength of mind to resist temptation, still less to make and execute plans demanding forethought and courage. An extensive combination among such implies an occasion of serious gravity.

We believe that no morbid feeling of sympathy toward these unfortunates exists in the public mind. We are sure that there does not in our own. The tendency is, on the contrary, to believe that they are wholly in the wrong, and their keepers entirely in the right. But the just wish of all good citizens is that the matter should be thoroughly sifted, and an effectual remedy applied to the mischief. There is no need of supposing the existence of the shocking cruelties which were brought to light several years ago as perpetrated at Sing Sing and at Auburn; though the probability is that abuses of which the prisoners have just cause to complain enter into the trouble, and which should be righted. But the difficulty may have arisen from the very opposite of undue severity. Laxness of discipline, arising from mere inaptitude for one of the most difficult of tasks, is quite sufficient to account for all that has come to pass. Indeed, we believe that the origin of the disorders is attributed to some such shortcoming on the part of the superintendent, and that he has resigned his post in consequence of his consciousness of his unfitness for it. And what but blunders, if not crimes, can be expected from men selected for any recommendation rather than peculiar fitness for one of the most arduous and delicate occupations in the whole range of human employments?

Whatever may have been the immediate occasion of these shameful disturbances—shameful quite as much to the officers of the prison as to the prisoners—and whatever immediate remedy may be applied to them, there is but one effectual cure and preventive of all such. And that is the one we have more than once brought to the attention of our readers, and to which we would again urge their thoughtful consideration. The men placed in charge of prisons and penitentiaries should be of a totally different class from those now employed, and selected for totally different reasons. They should be men of the order chosen to superintend insane asylums, institutions for the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the idiotic; men of special qualifications and special preparation. They should be selected for their fitness for the places, and not for political services or personal favoritism. When selected, they should hold their offices during good behavior, and be honorably remunerated. The change in public sentiment has only to be wrought that shall demand the service of such men, and they will answer the call. Then there will be no more rebellions. The penitentiaries will be made reformatories as well, and the restoration of the convicts to society as good citizens will be regarded as an object of penal discipline as well as to make it self-supporting or profitable. There will be no more complaints of cruel punishments or insufficient food on the one hand, nor culpable relaxation of discipline on the other. Humanity, philosophy, and science will then come to the help of the state in solving the most difficult and the most formidable problem of modern civilization—how crime is to be repressed and diminished. And this reform cannot be entered upon too soon.

THE PHENOMENON OF SECTS.

THE Emperor Charles V., when he had exhausted all the pleasure to be found by so great a personage in ruling, gulling, and killing mankind, retired from the active duties of his trade to the secluded monastery of St. Justus. In this serene retreat he amused himself, for the first time in his life, in a perfectly harmless manner—cultivating cabbages, working with carpenter's tools, and constructing clocks. Having collected a large number of clocks and watches, he wound them all up and set them all going; "and, having found," says Dr. Robertson, "after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go exactly alike, he reflected, with a mixture of surprise as well as regret, on his own folly in having bestowed so much time and labor on the more vain attempt of bringing mankind to a precise uniformity of sentiment concerning the profound and mysterious doctrines of religion."

We have a good many anxious friends now alive, who, with different methods from those of Charles V., are yet trying to do the same thing which he attempted before his retirement: they are toiling and worrying to induce human beings to tick together, and to keep exactly the same time in matters of theological opinion. Some of these excellent friends must be about going into the country or to the seaside for their vacations. We recommend to them to take along with them to their peaceful retreats a few dozen of the most improved clocks, and try upon them the imperial experiment. We think that the trial will be sanitary.

The note of the nineteenth century is toward unity, in church and state, in religious feeling and in the relations of branches of the same national stock, finally among the multitudinous branches of the great family of man. This is "that mysterious march of all nations toward unity, which," says the Count de Maistre, "we ought to salute from afar."

Yes, whether far or near, let us salute it; but let us also spare ourselves sickening disappointment by not expecting too much from it. Whether in political organizations or religious ones, absolute unity is neither possible nor desirable.

Much as we deplore the existence of sectarianism, we do not deplore the existence of sects. To such beings as we are sects are needful and useful. The absence of sects would imply the presence of that which is worse than sects—moral stagnation and intellectual torpor. One live man, even though he be a little pugnacious, is worth a whole graveyard of dead ones. As singeth Tennyson,

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Doubtless more lives are lost in the Gulf Stream than in the Asphaltic Lake; but give us the former, with all its turbulence, rather than the latter, with its rotting silence and its putrid peace.

Is it not our duty to accept the phenomenon of sects as we do any other real phenomenon? Sects are something neither to be ignored, nor explained away, nor in any manner sponged out. There they stand. Like them, or dislike them, they *are*. And, if we will frankly accept the fact, and walk up to it, eye it squarely, and study its meaning, we shall be likely to put to flight many superstitious tremors and superficial regrets, and to come into a decidedly happier mood relative to the whole subject.

Why are there sects? According to what laws do they sprout up in such teeming profusion?

It appears that sects in the Christian Church are no modern invention. The chick had scarcely worked out of the egg before it began to manifest symptoms of combative and schismatic propensities. Indeed, we see the germs of sects among the undocile Apostles before the Saviour died. In certain practical divergences of mind and character, which early showed themselves, and especially on those occasional uprisings of egoism among the disciples, manifested in sundry attempts to monopolize the right hand and the left hand of the expected throne, and to provide holders for other desirable offices in the coming kingdom, we discern seedlings and prophecies of future sects.

Probably we strike upon the central and deepest cause of sects when we perceive that they are a necessary result of the partiality of our intellectual vision. All our knowledge is practical, not integral. We do not see all sides of any subject whatever; and, therefore, two men may get real truth relative to any matter, and yet utterly differ from each other. You see one part of the truth; but you do not see the part which I do. I see one part of the truth; but I do not see the part which you do. You affirm that what you see is truth; you feel it, you know it. But do not I also feel and know that what I see is truth? So we go away from each other, and we proclaim lustily each his own part of the truth; and we get disciples to our several splinters and chips of truth; and then these disciples combine and crystallize into a school, into a party, into a sect. This is the time-old process of sect-making.

Why, then, do we say that we do not deplore the existence of sects? Because differences of thought are better than the negation of thought; and in this world our only choice is between these two.

It would cost too much to get rid of sects. What would it cost? Stupefaction, or compulsion! This is the price to be paid for the extermination of sects.

Make people stupid, lull them with some mental narcotic, clog the elastic and discursive faculties of the spirit with some dead weight of torpor, and you will have no more trouble with sects. You do not find sects among idiots, or swine, or large masses of lead. At noon to-day in every village of America there will be a certain number of sectarians; but at twelve o'clock to-night the most of them will have ceased from all sectarianism, and they will be entirely free from it until they wake up in the morning. Probably, however, we should all vote for people being wide awake, even though they be sectarians, rather than for people whose harmony depends on the condition of their being in a nap.

And what is the method of compulsion? We all know its nomenclature. We see a long procession of ghastly imagery—the Spanish Inquisition; Torquemada, and his priest-fiends; Netherland persecutions, with a hundred thousand men and women roasted at slow fires, hanged, drawn and quartered, burned alive, chained back to back and thrown into the sea; Smithfield fires; acts of conformity and clerical expulsion; the rack, the thumb-screw, the boot! Who does not say that sects are less accursed than such an attempt to get rid of them, even if the attempt could triumph?

"For we know in part, and we prophesy in part." It is because we are here under the conditions of seeing only parts and fragments of truth that sects have always been on earth, and will be always here. But the time is coming, we may believe, when, in the spheres above this, we shall get beyond seeing things in part—then shall we get beyond acting in parties. When we shall be so happy as to cease getting truth only in sections, then shall we cease to form ourselves into sects. The higher we climb the mountain-side, the better do we comprehend the relations of the scenery in the valley below. Apparent confusions are made clear. Seeming contradictions are reconciled. We had crossed, we thought, two different rivers, as we walked in the valley—rivers different, and flowing in opposite directions; but now, up the mountain, we discover that what we had imagined to be two rivers were only two different coils of the same great stream, flowing forward majestically into the all-receiving ocean.

"There are no sects in heaven," says the proverb. There ought to be no sectarian bigotry on earth. When we are conscious of being but partly wise, why should we not be wholly charitable?

THE FRENCH CABLE.

PHILLIP MASSINGER tells us what surprise and awe the fox felt "when first he saw the forest's king, the lion." But when he saw another lion, he found that wonder had diminished vastly; and it was not long before he could look on lions without emotion of any kind. In something of the same way we have lost our original sensations of wonder and admiration for Atlantic cables. We take them coolly now, and almost as a matter of course. The gradual paying out of the French Cable was regularly recorded in the newspapers, but awakened very little interest indeed in the minds of readers. Even an interruption in the work, a defect somewhere, a stopping of communication, scarcely caused a pulse to quicken. We knew it would all come right somehow; and, of course, it has come right, and the event was celebrated at Duxbury with speeches and messages of the usual kind. We are all glad of the success, and we welcome the new cable; but we cannot recall the doubt and hope and wonder and awe with which we watched the progress of its predecessor. No; the expressions of amazement and rapture over Atlantic Telegraphs will soon be left exclusively to such venerable lips as those which even up to the present may be occasionally heard to ejaculate the words, "Wonderful invention, steam, sir!"

We have said that we welcome the landing of the new cable. In saying this, we must not be understood to deny that there are some of the conditions of the new enterprise which fully justify the caution our authorities have shown in receiving it. It may be necessary even yet to exercise further caution. Our full control over our own shores is a right at least worth looking after; and we must be careful indeed about the extent to which we allow monopolies of any kind to obtain long leases and charters of exclusive privileges. All this, however, is simply matter of arrangement and precaution, affecting in no degree the general principle which bids us to welcome every agency that facilitates and develops national intercommunication. Sir James Anderson, in his speech at Duxbury, declared, partly in jest and perhaps still more in earnest, that it was quite fair for any other company to oppose and obstruct, if it could, the success of the French Company, as the latter would do just the same for a rival, if it could; and intimated, in fact, that everything was fair in telegraphic enterprise, as well as in love and war. We rather object to this view of the matter; and we are convinced that no motive of mercenary and vulgar rivalry in trade inspired the doubts and distrust with which many persons regarded the progress of the French enterprise. The public have nothing to lose, but all to gain, by the healthy development of such undertakings. For the cables to be of any real value to nine-tenths of the community, the possible cheapness of oceanic telegraphing must be tested far more severely than it has hitherto been; and we presume that the only trustworthy test is to be obtained by the wholesome agency of competition. Certainly no narrow or ungenerous feelings influence the mind of the American public in regard to the French Transatlantic Cable. Laying aside for once all sentiment—keeping clear of any allusions to old alliances, and Lafayette, and Rochambeau, and so on—we are cordially glad to be united by a new link with the great French people; and not less glad to witness one other illustration of the value of the great scientific principle which owes its recognition mainly to the genius and the enterprise of American citizens.

TEACHING THE FREEDMEN HOW TO TEACH.

AT Hampton, Virginia, some two miles or thereabouts from Fortress Monroe, within sight of the spot where the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" fought their famous duel, on the ground where stood the hospital-barracks of McClellan's army and Grant's, and where fifteen thousand sick and wounded were lying at one time, there may now be seen a large farm and a long range of somewhat low and straggling buildings, which have a history belonging to them, and which symbolize assuredly a great future. The institution to which the ground and the buildings belong is the offspring of the late war; indeed, it might almost be said that the war was waged to enable men to found such an institution. It has been often declared that the object and end of the war was to interpret the Constitution of the United States, and establish an authentic definition of its meaning. It was, indeed, to obtain a positive and just definition of the position of the negro under the Constitution of the United States; and this institution we speak of rises up as a practical embodiment of that decision. For it is an institute "to prepare youth of the South without distinction of color for the work of organizing and instructing schools in the United States." It is the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, founded near the very spot where the first slaves ever brought to this country were landed; where General Butler first refused to deliver up the colored fugitives, calling them contraband of war; where a city of refuge was provided for them; and where subsequently the first school for freedmen was established. A more fitting site could not well be found for an institution which, recognizing the colored man as the brother of the white, opens up to him his share in his brother's birthright of education.

It is, we believe, to General Armstrong, who had charge of the Freedman's Bureau at this point, that the country is indebted for the idea of establishing a normal school and seminary of a high educational order on this spot. The idea was at once eagerly taken up by the American Missionary Association—a body which had a noble record in the history of the anti-slavery movement, a body which had its martyrs in the cause before the time came for the cause to have victories. By the combined efforts of General Armstrong, the American Missionary Association, and other friends of the work, the estate now called the Whipple Farm was bought, along with the Butler Schoolhouse, the hospital barracks, and the house used by the United States officers for their headquarters. The farm has about one hundred and twenty-five acres of land, and the whole cost was about $45,000. The school was opened in April, 1868, and received an incorporation the following September. The fundamental principle of the Normal School is the combination of study with practical work—closely, indeed, resembling in its way the system of the Cornell University. The charges for board and tuition are so low as to be actually surprising; indeed, the charge for tuition is justly described as nominal—one dollar a month for the whole range of instruction, which rises from the most elementary to quite a high class of studies. In the farm-work the male students learn the theory and practice of the best methods of agriculture; the female students (and as regards the reception of female scholars this institution is in advance of the Cornell University) do the housework of the boarding department and make clothes. Many of the male students have earned, during certain parts of the year, more than the amount of their expenses. The farm or mechanical labor is from three to five hours a day. There are now about seventy pupils in attendance; and, as the accommodation afforded by the present house is not enough, another large building, suitable, and even to some extent handsome, is about to be immediately erected. The great object aimed at in the plan of this institution is that the students are to have an opportunity of learning "the three great lessons of life—how to live, how to labor, and how to teach others." For the pupils of this institute are trained there in order that they may themselves become teachers. Already, for instance, the pupils of this Normal School do the principal work of teaching the 220 children in the Butler School—which latter school may be said to have been the parent of the whole institution—and in the Lincoln School in the village of Hampton.

The Normal School has just been visited and inspected by a distinguished delegation. The Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D., the venerable president of Williams College, Mass.; Alexander Hyde, of the Board of Agriculture, Mass.; Rev. B. G. Northrup, secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education; and the Hon. James A. Garfield, the distinguished member of Congress from Ohio, went over the place, inspected it, tested the system of education, and have made a very valuable report, full of encouragement, approval, and hope. They testify that "the closing examination and exercises of the school indicated a thoroughness and faithfulness on the part of the teachers that nothing but missionary zeal could have inspired"; and that "on the part of the scholars there was indicated a diligence and proficiency quite remarkable, and that would have done credit to students similarly situated of any race or color." "There was great correctness in reading and spelling. Nearly all wrote a good hand; and the black-board exercises in map-drawing, with the new method of triangulation, would have been creditable to the pupils in any normal school at the North." Alexander Hyde, one of the delegation, has written, for his own part, a letter on the subject to the *Springfield Republican*, in which he says: "I must confess that my prejudice against the intellectual power of the negro has, in a measure, yielded to the stubborn array of facts presented by the Hampton Normal School. This institution has proved that the negro can learn and can work. I have been somewhat conversant with the schools and farms of Massachusetts; but it has seldom been my privilege to listen to better recitations or to see better farming than the negroes furnished at Hampton."

This, then, is the war-monument raised in sight of Hampton Roads. The smoke of battle clears away, and there stands a school to educate the free children of slavery, that they may go forth and teach in their turn. Nothing could be more fitly in keeping with the principles which animated that most magnificent war for an idea ever waged among men. No words of ours are needed to bespeak for such an institution the sympathy of all who have freedom and light.

BLOOD.

AT a farmer's convention in London, not long ago, there was introduced to the audience a certain Mr. Pigott. He farmed, it was stated, the very same land occupied by his ancestors before the Norman conquest. When introduced, he modestly said that the statement was true, and that he had in his veins blood not less than eight hundred years old. "The audience applauded."

Was the applause a token of reverence for antiquity, or what? Pray how old was the blood in the veins of the audience? Was it not coeval with the Pigott fluid? Were they born, or their ancestors, by spontaneous generation, within a few score years. Or was it a case of Darwinism, and did they come in from the monkey side of the house long after the venerable Pigotts had become men?

The amusing thing is that it does not appear that the worthy Pigott had any distinction except that his ancestors had clung like barnacles to the same spot. It is not asserted that they ever produced a hero or a saint, a statesman or a poet, an organizer or an inventor. There was nothing to distinguish them in any way, except that their blood was very "old"; and what in nature made it any older than the blood of anybody else science fails to show.

Nevertheless, there are Pigotts and bigots in all our cities who make the same claim. They are yielding, it is true, to a more sturdy race of flatboatmen and cattle-drovers. But even these millionaires sink the shop (or the boat) as soon as possible, put a coat-of-arms on their carriages and a griffin on their seals, and drive through Fifth Avenue as if conscious of innumerable ancestors and hereditary gout.

Now there are some families in which virtue seems hereditary and inevitable—like Ovid's "Cæsars," of whom merit was a sure attribute before they saw the light. "Cæsaribus virtus contigit ante diem." But so great is the number of Americans, and so democratic the marriage system, that there can be nothing exclusive in the honors of any class. The Puritan emigration took humble men and made them the founders of a state. The Revolution sent the first families to Canada by dozens, and set up men like John Adams, "that cobbler's son," to found the new dynasty. So the War of the Rebellion has left the old aristocracy of the South poor and feeble; and now it can only triumph by putting forward carpet-baggers and new men.

This is as it should be. The more faith we all have in blood the better; but it should be the "one blood" of which God made all the races of the earth. "I always wish to belong to an aristocracy," says an American writer; "but I wish it to be an aristocracy large enough to comprehend the human race." Every attempt to create an exclusive caste fails at last by impoverishment of blood. The English House of Lords, the only hereditary body left in Europe, occupies to-day a more pitiable position than any legislature in the world. We are only reminded of its existence by the humiliations it endures. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of blood.

The very laws of arithmetic are fatal to the glories of birth. We are all well-born, for we are all so very much born, as poor Artemus Ward would say. Count, if you dare, your progenitors! In the first generation two; that is easily counted. In the eighth generation two hundred and fifty-six. That takes us back to the landing of the Pilgrims, and begins to look alarming. All these ancestors have contributed equally toward our blood, and they cannot all have been genteel!

But the doubling counts up fearfully, like the nails in the horse's shoes! In the twentieth remove each man has more than a million ancestors, supposing none of the intermediate generations to have intermarried. In the thirtieth remove there are nearly a billion and a half—in exact numbers 1,473,916,544, if our figures be correct. That takes us a little beyond, to the time of the Norman Conquest, and of the venerated ancestors of Mr. Pigott. But, as the whole population of Great Britain was then under two millions, it shows that those who are of unmixed English descent must probably be descended from every person then living in England, or at least allied in blood to all. King and ploughman, princess and swineherd—all who left descendants—have bequeathed something of their blood to us. After all, there is nothing so relentlessly democratic as the four rules of arithmetic. Leave them to themselves, and they cipher us all back to a common ancestry.

THE PROSPECT PARK OF BROOKLYN.

THE Prospect Park of Brooklyn—parallelogrammic in general shape, and containing 525 acres west of Flatbush Avenue, of which 50 acres are to be devoted to lake grounds—will, when finished, be one of the largest and finest parks in the world. The ground is most admirably adapted to park purposes, and in this respect it has greatly the advantage of Central Park in New York. There are several parks in London; but none that in natural advantages will at all compare with the one in Brooklyn. The plans of Olmsted, Vaux & Co—the landscape architects and superintendents of this park—evince the most accurate study of the ground, and a very high order of artistic genius in working up its capabilities into the most perfect and varied forms of improvement. They seem to us as nearly faultless as anything human can well be; and when they shall be carried to completion Prospect Park will be one of the great attractions of Brooklyn.

The progress of Brooklyn for the last forty years, if continued at the same rate for the next fifteen years, will give to the city a population of more than a million of inhabitants. A city of such dimensions and such prospects in the future can well afford to tax itself with the expense of building at least one large park. The increase in the value of real estate, to say nothing of other advantages, proves it to be wise in an economic point of view. The assessed valuation of the taxable property in the Eighth, Ninth, and Twentieth Wards, that lie immediately contiguous to the park, has been increased by the sum of $10,974,806 since the work commenced. This single increase is about twice the cost of the park when finished; and the tax accruing therefrom will pay the interest on the total investment. The total expenditure thus far (including the purchase of land and improvements), up to January 1st, 1869, amounts to $2,366,030 72, distributed as follows:

1865	$17,780 90
1866	195,701 10
1867	973,903 60
1868	1,078,645 12
	$2,366,030 72

The cost, when the park is finished, is computed at about $5,000,000. Call it $6,000,000 in round numbers. Every dollar thus spent will create at least two dollars, and ultimately three times this amount, in taxable property. The park will, in this way, more than pay for itself. The city will be richer with it than it would be without it.

The proposition of the park commissioners to sell the plot of ground lying east of Flatbush Avenue, and apply the proceeds toward the liquidation of the park debt, strikes us as being exceedingly judicious. The park lying west of this avenue is large enough without this plot; and, moreover, the plot is not well suited to park purposes. To improve it will cost the city about a million and a half of dollars. If divided into building lots and sold, it will yield to the city about two and a half millions of dollars. This makes a difference of four millions on the total cost. The buildings erected upon this ground, if divided into lots and sold, will increase its assessed value at least five and a half millions of dollars; and this will give to the city a taxable property on this very ground of not less than eight millions of dollars, yielding an annual revenue of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum. The taxpayers of Brooklyn cannot fail to appreciate the argument drawn from these figures. The proposition of the park commissioners secures a saving to the city of four millions of dollars, a taxable property to the amount of eight millions more, and a park abundantly large enough for all practical purposes.

If some wealthy millionaire, like A. T. Stewart, of New York, would purchase a portion of this ground, and erect college structures thereon to the amount of $5,000,000, and then add $5,000,000 more as a permanent endowment, and then commit the whole to some competent management as a great NATIONAL UNIVERSITY for all time to come, he would hit upon one of the grandest ideas that wealth ever undertook to realize, and at the same time erect a monument to his name as enduring as the history of his country. There is not another spot in all this land better fitted to such an idea than this very ground.

Editorial Notes.

INGENIOUS paragraphs of gossip or slander are occasionally devised by inventive newsmongers in order to crack a harmless joke on some friend, or to level a malicious shaft at some enemy. But whether the current story concerning Mr. John Jay's appearance at Vienna in a gorgeous court-dress is a friend's pleasantry or an enemy's grudge we are at a loss to conjecture. That so genuine a republican as Mr. Jay should, of his own free will, array himself in red cloth and spangles, in order to vie with the glittering vanities of the Austrian court was not to be willingly credited by his American friends, and particularly by his associates in the Union League. Nevertheless we have been repetitiously told by certain newspapers that Mr. Jay, while in London, purchased for use in Vienna an elegant and costly court-dress, trimmed with gold-lace, starred with dazzling buttons, and mounted with resplendent epaulettes. We happen to know that this newspaper vagary is so far an absurdity that it created a hearty laugh in Mr. Jay's family—all the more because Mr. Jay, in his diplomatic etiquette, has taken particular pains to appear on all occasions in the modest garb of a private American citizen—exactly such as he would wear to church in Westchester, or in a walk down Broadway. The American Government permits its foreign ministers to array themselves in any costume which they prefer; and Mr. Jay prefers to dress in Europe exactly as he dresses in America. We honor him for his simplicity, and trust that all our foreign ministers will copy his example. Let the fool's uniform be reserved till Mr. McCracken himself shall be minister to Vienna.

....Picking up the last number of that piquant Connecticut paper, the *Danielsonville Transcript*, we discovered an interesting account of a series of concerts, given every week or so on Woodstock Common by some of the most famous brass bands of New England, the series to conclude with one by Mr. Gilmore's own Jubilee drums and trumpets. Woodstock Common is not in all respects as fine a resort as Central Park, but it is certain that music sounds there just as sweetly as here. Those village concerts (as we shrewdly suspect) are the offshoot of the fertile fancy of our rusticating publisher, whose country-seat adjoins the Common, and who, having a greedy relish for such sweets, imports them, like grocer's sugars, by the cargo, and then invites all his neighbors to partake of the bounteous feast. When we last saw Mr. Bowen he pretended to be going into the country for rest; but now we hear of him as carrying on a new variety of business. In fact, he has probably planted more shade-trees, organized more popular meetings, and devised more rural festivals than any other man in Connecticut. Such a man is sure, sooner or later, to be "alderman of his native town," and what afterward we dare not predict. Meanwhile as Mr. Gilmore sends us from Woodstock Common the soft notes of "The last rose of summer," the band-master at Central Park replies gayly, "Over the hills and far away."

....The recent meeting of the advocates of woman's suffrage in London was by far the most remarkable demonstration yet made in England on behalf of that cause. Several men of great distinction were present, of whom the foremost, it need hardly be said, was John Stuart Mill. Lord Houghton took a leading part in the proceedings. James Stansfeld, who is a member of the government; Sir Charles W. Dilke, author of *Greater Britain*; Duncan McLaren, probably the most influential of the Scottish representatives; Professor Fawcett, Peter Alfred Taylor, and several other members of the House of Commons were among the speakers. Jacob Bright (brother of John Bright), who has taken the leadership of the movement in the House of Commons since Mr. Mill ceased to be a member, and whose really great abilities would have much wider recognition if they were not somewhat thrown into the shade by those of his illustrious relative, was not able to attend; and Professor Fawcett took advantage of his absence to pay him a high and well-deserved compliment. Louis Blanc, Charles Kingsley, Professor Masson, and John Morley represented literature and journalism. The chair was taken by Mrs. Peter Taylor, wife of the member of Parliament whose residence, Aubrey House, may be said to be the center and headquarters of the movement. Among other distinguished women present were Stuart Mill's step-daughter, Miss Helen Taylor, who has made herself the brilliant advocate in the *Westminster Review* of the cause for which her gifted mother did so much; Mrs. Fawcett, the young and charming wife of Professor Fawcett, a lady who has written much and well on the same subject in *MacMillan's Magazine*; and Mrs. Lucas, sister of John Bright. The meeting adopted a resolution to the effect that a bill for the extension of the suffrage to women should be introduced as early as possible in the next session of Parliament.

....A gentleman in one of the smaller towns of Connecticut writes to us as follows: "I have just read with great interest your editorial on 'The Murder of Helplessness.' The paper will go into hundreds of families where the crime is practiced, to bear witness against it; for, thank God, it is fashionable to take THE INDEPENDENT. For more than a year it has been on my mind to write you upon this question. You will have the thanks of every well-wisher of the human race. But you make a great mistake when you speak of the crime of feticide as being confined to the large cities. It prevails all over the country. I dare not tell you what I know—and the information has been given unsolicited—in reference to this horrid practice in the land. I do not believe there is a village in the New England States but this crime is practiced more or less. There are men who make it their business, with medicines and instruments, to carry on this slaughter. And even M. Ds. in good and regular standing in the church have practiced it. Men are making here in this highly-moral state $3,000 and $4,000 a year in the small towns alone at this business. Their patients are from the highly religious and fashionable to the low and vicious. Their scale of charges is according to the cupidity and size of purse of the victims. Delicate females go in the dead of the night, dressed in masculine attire, to avoid detection, to obtain the means to hide their shame. The cause of this evil lies in 'lust, which is as near to murder as fire to smoke.' The demoralization of the people at large in the practice of licentiousness furnishes a topic of the greatest anxiety to the philanthropist. When American women lose their shame the race is lost. Churchmembership is no bar. The continence of man and chastity of woman is the only hope."

....Rev. Charles Brooks, at the annual examination of the Westfield (Mass.) Normal School, on the 14th inst., delivered an address, in which he took strong ground in favor of compelling children to attend school. He supported his argument by reference to the example of France, Russia, Holland, Prussia, Würtemburg, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. He said:

"The great question recurs, What shall we do with the million of children now living, between the ages of five and fifteen, who can not read, write, or cipher? It is now a blessed day for our nation when Congress enacts a law which will secure education to every child in the country, without reference to the 'fines and imprisonments' of Europe. I have in my mind a plan which I think would secure the wished-for results, if Congress would embody it in a statute. My plan is this: to concentrate on each child born in the United States the wise use of the strongest affections of human life—the parental affections. How can the parental affections be brought into steady and decisive action on this subject? I answer thus: Let Congress enact a law in these words: 'No person, male or female, born in the United States after the first day of January, 1880, shall be married in the United States who cannot read, write, and cipher.' This looks a little funny at first; but when comprehensively examined it looks sober and strong. Let us look sharply at it for a few moments. Between this time and 1880 are eleven years. The child who shall be born on the second day of January, 1880, must live and grow twenty years before he or she can be at the safest marriageable age. Now put together these twenty years and the eleven years, and we have thirty-one years before the law can come into practical operation. These thirty-one years will be very precious now to us. They will be just what we need to educate *every family and every parent* in the Union into the meaning, power, wisdom, and benevolence of its provisions. Thus the law, taking hold of the dearest interests and sweetest hopes of human society, would slide into operation without causing anger or revulsion; and thus, through all coming time, the strongest bonds of affections and interests of human life will be silently brought to bear on every son and daughter in the United States, securing to every one, *without failure*, education sufficient for all the important duties and common trials of human life."

....It is rather late in the year, and rather late in the century, to attack a little clerical fun at the social reunions of the "May Meetings"; but the *American Baptist* thinks it never out of season to "hear testimony" against sinful merriment. Our Baptist readers will remember that there was, in connection with their anniversaries in Boston, a social meeting, with flowers, and music, and witty speeches, and good fellowship. But that Rev. J. Hyatt Smith should have raised a laugh by telling the audience that, "if Boston was the Hub, the Boston boys must be Hub-bubs," shocks our critic's staid sobriety. But is a social meeting never allowable? May men never laugh and joke in public? After Dr. Lyman Beecher had prayed, and preached, and unstrung himself with the excitement of a revival meeting, could he not fiddle? President Finney rebukes the Congregational Union for its levity, utterly misunderstanding what the object of the meeting was. He would not have those ministers be an Oberlin revival, and he points them to the edifying contrast of the English Congregational Union. But would he find those English ministers, most of whose churches a revival never invaded, a better help to him than our clergy, who know how to "pipe and dance" as well as to "mourn and lament"? And those good Baptist brothers, did they discuss any less earnestly the interests of the church and the progress of missions, did they pray any the less fervently, because they expected in the evening to relax their countenances to a smile, and enjoy a Boston "Hubbub"? Sour critic, if the Lord had given you wit, would you not have used it?

....D. T. D., of Wooster, Wayne Co., Ohio, asks us to print an appeal to men in New York needing employment, urging them to come to Ohio, where they can have plenty of work at good wages. We doubt if a single person of the class referred to is likely to see anything that we publish; nevertheless, we copy a part of our friend's appeal, as follows: "While I was in New York City, I understood that there were a number of the population who were continually seeking employment, but could not find it. Now let me say to such that, if they are willing to work and earn an honest living, they need never be out of employment; for, instead of lounging about the cities, as they are accustomed to do, let them come to the West, where laborers and mechanics can find steady employment at high wages. Laboring hands are very scarce this season, and the people would be glad to employ a number of them, if they would but make their appearance. I know a New Yorker who came here a few years ago, perfectly destitute, who went to work because he had to, and to-day he is worth from four to five thousand dollars, living upon a nice little farm in this county; while, if he had stayed in the city, in all probability he would have been no better off to-day than when he came here. And yet there are hundreds who do not know where to find employment, who loiter about street-corners and saloons, passing away time and killing their own souls. It would be both a benefit to our farmers and to those who are out of employment if the latter would but come to Ohio, or to other Western states."

....The Don Carlos movement seems to be pretty well played-out in Spain. The hero of it is stated to have recrossed the frontier, and lost himself in France. It is hard to keep in one's memory the individuality of all the Bourbon princes, Spanish and otherwise; but we conjecture that this Don Carlos is a son of the Don Juan (himself a son, we think, of the Don Carlos) who used to be knocking about London some few years ago, and is said to have made acquaintance with the apartments of London sheriff's officers, and with spunging houses, such as that in which Ferdinand, Count Fathom, found Theodore, ex-king of Corsica. We do not believe that the Carlists have now a ghost of a chance in Spain. But one of the curses of having a floating population of disestablished princes is that whenever there is a political convulsion anywhere some one of them rushes to the spot with his claims, and his illusions, and his gang of adherents. What the carcass is to the eagles a revolution in Europe is to the dethroned princes. It is not more than four or five years since a descendant of Scanderbeg positively proclaimed his intention of reviving his hereditary title to Albania. The only exceptions to the general rule we can recollect are those of the Paleologus family, for the lineal representative of whom Greece actually advertised in vain; and the Prince Wasa, who goes in and out of Sweden when he likes, and never seems to trouble himself or anybody else about the claims of the great house of the Gustavuses.

....Dr. Holland, writing from Venice to the Springfield *Republican*, says: "We were busy every day in our explorations of the canals, visiting many of the churches and all the principal picture galleries. One bright moonlight night we took two gondolas, and devoted the evening to such enjoyment as riding through these old grandeurs, and singing by the way, could afford. I do not think that those who participated in that night's entertainment will soon forget it. We went up the Grand Canal, under the Rialto, into the side canals, under the shadows of old churches, everywhere that fancy dictated. At last, after singing ourselves hoarse, we turned the gondolas homeward, and were going quietly down the Grand Canal, when we met another party, in a large gondola. We were not long in recognizing our American friend, Cyrus W. Field, who, with his party, was enjoying the moonlight and the water. The gondoliers brought the three boats alongside each other, then tied them together and let them float. And then in the moonlight we chatted and sang. We sang at the top of our voices the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and 'waved' it as long and as loudly as we could. 'Oft in the Stilly Night' met the warm approval of the gondoliers at least; but 'John Brown's Body' brought down the house. We sang 'Glory, Glory, Hallelujah' in a way that will not be forgotten in Venice. The next day we heard it all around us. Our own gondoliers had caught the grand refrain completely, and were singing it at all times and everywhere."

....Having once been soundly cuffed by the *Christian Intelligencer* (it did not hurt us any) and called "a ravening jackal" for venturing to tell the truth about one of the [Dutch] Reformed churches (pardon, testy friends, the word "Dutch" and the brackets; we are compelled unwillingly to use them, to distinguish you from the larger body of [German] Reformed), we know how to commiserate the New York *Observer*, which has now fallen into the same clutches. Our venerable contemporary had insinuated that the Presbyterian fold might be enlarged, as there were signs that "the Dutch are for union too." Whereupon it becomes, we are told, a "brisk Gotharic," with "amorous compliments," sending out "piping notes," with its "spindle-shanked benevolence, that totters out into the summer air." Then our sedate friend is suddenly transformed into an "ecclesiastical Delilah"; and recovers his identity only to be taunted with "the effrontery of our 'all-sufficient, self-sufficient, insufficient' contemporary," to the "sublime altitude of whose pretensions" the *Intelligencer* "will not try to climb"! Good brother over in Park Row, companion in misery, we whisper to you across the City-hall Park, Don't be disturbed. You meant well; but that makes no difference. You must expect abuse,

"For reason is treason in Tammany Hall,"

and no less in some ecclesiastical quarters.

....The librarian of Howard University, Rev. D. B. Nicholls, has just had a present for the library of that institution of a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress," complete, printed in the Ch

Bringing "babes and sucklings" into the chapels quite a novel style.

...The *Religious Herald* endorses the marvellous statement that the remarkable revival in Richmond, Ind., first started in the Irish Catholic church, where there seemed to be genuine conversions.

...The Archbishop of Canterbury has been speaking contemptuously of the voluntary system. No wonder. It never would give him a yearly income of $75,000 gold and two palatial residences.

...Dr. Wisner's Presbyterian church in Lockport, N. Y., has received 219 members as the fruits of the recent revival; and the Congregational church, Mr. Bennett's has received 164 more.

...Great excitement was created two weeks ago in Cracow, Poland, by the liberation of a man who had been confined in a convent for 20 years. A popular demonstration was made.

The generous contributions made by the Scandinavians in this country in aid of those suffering from famine in Sweden, Norway, and Finland have saved thousands of lives.

...Dr. Boggs, for invading whose fold in New Brunswick, N. J., Mr. Tyng was convicted, has resigned his rectorship, and become a general missionary for the diocese.

...The Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec which met June 9th in Montreal heard reports of several extensive revivals within its limits.

...The venerable Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, confirmed 12 persons, at two different Episcopal chapels of Louisville, on his 75th birthday.

...A Baptist tent, capable of holding 1,500 hearers, and intended for use in Kansas, was lately dedicated in Chicago.

The *Freeman*, an English Baptist paper, mentions the opening of a "Presbyterian Baptist church."

...The *Home Missionary* for August notices three churches which have just become self-supporting.

The Canadian Presbyterian Synod resolves itself next year into a General Assembly.

The Czar has abolished the hereditary character of the Russian priesthood.

A Spanish Episcopal service has been commenced in New Orleans.

THE AMERICAN PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 30th, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

THE project of a Convention of American Philologists originated with Prof. Geo. F. Comfort, lately of Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa. During a residence of several years in Germany, Prof. Comfort had attended the annual sessions of the Philologisches Kongress, an association of professors of language in German universities, gymnasia, etc.; and had derived so much pleasure and profit from these meetings that he determined to organize, if possible, a similar association in this country. After corresponding on the subject with several eminent professors and linguistic scholars, and receiving strong encouragement to proceed, he called a preliminary meeting for the 13th of November last, in the City of New York. About forty professional and amateur students of language attended this meeting, of which the Rev. Dr. Ferris, chancellor of the University of New York, was chairman, and Prof. Albert Harkness, of Brown University, secretary. The plan proposed by Prof. Comfort was unanimously adopted; and he was appointed chairman of a committee of organization, and authorized to call a convention at such place as he might select, some time during the long vacation this summer.

A call was issued last December, signed by more than eighty college presidents, professors and teachers of languages, eminent linguists, and some linguists who are not eminent. Poughkeepsie was designated as the place, and Tuesday, July 27th, as the day of meeting. Eight questions concerning the relative importance of the classical and modern languages, concerning methods of study, use of accents, proper mode of pronunciation, etc., were stated in the call as a basis for discussion and for papers to be prepared; not excluding however, other matters of practical importance to teachers, and of general interest to philologists.

The citizens of Poughkeepsie have done all in their power to justify the preference shown to their picturesque "City of Schools," in selecting it as the place of holding the convention; and it already rests in the *higher* brevet title, bestowed by that courteous body, of "Athens of New York!" A local committee of arrangements, of which Charles J. Buckingham, Esq., was the chairman, and Rev. Mr. Boone the efficient secretary, made all necessary provision for the comfort and hospitable reception of the polylingual throng. Vassar College, through President Raymond and Mr. M. Vassar, Jr., extended its courtesies to the learned pundits on Tuesday. As Dr. Raymond remarked, the college not being in session, he could only show the *cradle*, the wonderful infant on which he so prided himself being absent. To this Prof. Harkness happily responded that the convention deeply regretted their having no opportunity to *kiss the baby* but would empower Dr. Raymond to act as their proxy!

Prof. H. G. Eastman—whose Commercial College, with its magnificent park, is one of the *institutions* of Poughkeepsie—last evening honored the philologists with a promenade concert in his grounds, where they met many hundreds of the fair women and brave men to the manor born. Perhaps in virtue of his official position as "commissioner of public charities" for the State of New York, Prof. E. handsomely regaled his guests with toothsome refreshments.

The four days' session of the "Convention of Philologists," which on Wednesday emerged from the chrysalis as the "American Philological Association," has to-day closed, and has been a magnificent success. One hundred and nine names are enrolled as the founders of the new association, of which number *six* are ladies. These are Miss E. L. Geiger, professor of Greek in Vassar College; Miss Alice R. Boise, of Chicago, whose knowledge of the classics has enabled her to aid her father in the preparation of a Greek text-book; and Misses Muller, Ward, Flint, and French. Many other ladies who did not enroll themselves as members sat bravely through all the sessions with an unwavering courage.

Of the more than eighty eminent linguists who signed the call, there were present not more than one-fourth. Some are traveling in Europe, some are enjoying their vacations in distant watering-places, and others were *unavoidably detained*. If the truth must be told, out of the more than *thirty* professors in colleges and academies in the State of New York whose names appear in the circulars of the "University Convocation" as under engagements to participate in the meeting of that body in Albany, next week, *not a single one was present in Poughkeepsie!* A good many of the learned craftsmen had no confidence in the success of the movement. They will see more clearly next year!

I have not space to comment now upon the interesting papers read and discussed at the Association; but for this there will be time next week. Suffice it to say, for the present, that the new body commences its existence under the happiest auspices, and bids fair to render eminent services to the cause of sound classical learning.

P. C. B.

News of the Week.

KENTUCKY this week held an election for state treasurer, and, of course, went in her old secession ruts, electing the Democratic candidate by some fifty thousand, more or less—whether more or less being of very little moment.

....Another company is organizing in London, to lay an Atlantic cable, by way of the Orkney and Far oe Islands, to Quebec.

....The President remains at Long Branch; and, if he is not enjoying himself, he is the cause of enjoyment to others. On Monday last the President, with a numerous party, made the little village of Bricksburg, N. J., gay with their presence. Their visit was paid to Robert Campbell, stepfather of Mrs. C. A. Stetson, Jr. The villagers were fully prepared for the distinguished arrivals; and welcomed them with cannon, flowers, and a poem delivered by a little girl of five.

....A new issue of greenbacks, of entirely different design from those now in circulation, has been decided upon by Secretary Boutwell, on account of the number of spurious tens now afloat. All denominations from one to one thousand dollar notes will be comprised in the new issue.

....Superintendent Clapp, of the Congressional Printing Bureau, has appointed eight new apprentices, and only two are colored.

....A large Democratic meeting was held Monday evening, in the Tammany Wigwam, under the auspices of the Tammany Executive Committee, to enter a protest against the neglect and supineness of the government in permitting indignities and injuries to American citizens in Cuba and Ireland. The meeting was called to order by Chief Sachem Tweed, and was presided over by Mayor Hall. It is the beginning of the Democratic campaign for 1869–70.

....James Carr, who was sentenced by the United States District Court in this city, last January, to three years' imprisonment at hard labor, for having counterfeit fractional currency in his possession, has been pardoned by the President.

....The leading provisions of the *Senatus Consultum* which the French Government has just prepared have been announced in a Cable dispatch. They grant the right of parliamentary initiative, abolish the power of the Council of State to veto amendments to projects of law, direct the Senate to specify the objections made by the corps to the clauses of a bill and state the terms of alteration, and give each deputy the right to propose the order of the day, the government reserving the right to refer them to a committee.

....It is proposed to commemorate the completion of the Mount Cenis Tunnel by an international exhibition at Turin in 1872.

....The English Government proposes to consider, during the recess, the proposition to purchase the Irish railways.

....A prospectus for an international exhibition of fine arts, industrial arts, and scientific inventions, in 1871, has just been issued in London by the commissioner of the World's Fair of 1851.

....Professor Benjamin Pierce, of Cambridge, Mass., Superintendent of the Coast Survey, with his party of fifteen gentlemen, have left for Springfield, Ill., to take observations of the eclipse on the 7th of August.

....A Paris newspaper manager and two editors have been sentenced to a month's imprisonment each, and to pay a heavy fine, for publishing "*canards*." If this kind of punishment were meted out to American editors, very few of them would escape imprisonment.

....Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts, has just sent congratulatory messages over the new French Cable, in behalf of the people of the state, to the directors of the line, and to Robert Slater, Jr., "secretary of the Board of French Atlantic Telegraphic Company, London, England," acknowledging the friendly sentiments of the Board.

....It is stated that the damage done by the Texas floods in Fayette County has been overestimated. One-fifth only of the entire crop of the county has been destroyed, and no contributions of money or supplies are needed. The cases of real suffering are among the negroes; and for these, it is asserted, there is plenty of relief in the shape of work, for which they are offered good shelter and pay.

....The *New York Times* says it has authority for saying that at a meeting of prominent New Yorkers at Saratoga, recently, William B. Astor expressed his intention to complete the Washington National Monument at his own expense. But it is not a very likely thing to happen.

....General Schofield was entertained at a complimentary dinner in Denver, on Friday evening, by the prominent citizens of the place; and General Hancock and staff had a public reception on the same day in Sioux City, Iowa, on his arrival from the Upper Mississippi.

....The delegation from the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce in the Chinese Labor Convention, recently held in Memphis, Tenn., have made their report to the Chamber. They decline to indorse the entire proceedings and the action finally taken in the Convention, and say that they are unanimous in the opinion that much good must result from this gathering. They commend the subject of immigration and Chinese labor to the Chamber and the citizens of Louisiana, and suggest that public meetings for information and discussion be held, and that organizations be formed similar to the "commissioners of immigration" in other states.

....Advices from Mexico to the 22d state that an insurrection had broken out among the Indians in Yucatan, that the volcanic eruption in Colima was growing worse, and that the Puebla Railroad will open in September.

....Cuban news is scant and uncertain, but a Cable dispatch from Havana on Saturday reports that the insurgents are committing great depredations in the Santiago, Puerto Principe, and Trinidad jurisdictions.

....Dispatches have been received in Washington from Lieutenant-Commander Bradford, of the "Aroostook," off Hakodadi, Japan, dated June 11th, giving fuller particulars than have been received of the great naval engagements in Japanese waters, in which the "Stonewall" and other American-built war vessels took conspicuous part, and the successes of the Mikado.

....Governor Bullock, of Georgia, has pardoned Robert F. Curry, Walker P. Inman, and Wm. H. Inman, president, cashier, and director of the Northwestern Bank of Georgia, who are prosecuted under the statute of the state for refusing to redeem the bills of the bank. The Governor alleges, as grounds for this proceeding, that "the failure was not the fault of these officers, but the necessary result of the action of the civil powers of the state during the late rebellion, and the destruction and loss of property occasioned by the late civil war"; and, secondly, because "the expenses, inconvenience, and trouble of a defense will work great damage and hardship to the said parties."

....A London dispatch states that the new provisional government for Paraguay has been installed at Asuncion. Also that the proposed attack on Lopez's position in the mountains had been retarded by heavy rains.

....The successful laying of the new French Cable was celebrated in Chicago, on Wednesday evening, by a large meeting in Library Hall, at which speeches in English, German, French, and Italian were made.

....The published correspondence between the State Department and the representative of the French Cable Company makes clear the fact that our Government did not permit the landing of the Cable without proper guarantees. It was pledged that the company would abide by the legislation of Congress, and meanwhile would spare no effort to induce the French Government to reciprocate the liberal act of the United States.

....The *Presse* newspaper of Vienna states that all the official dispatches with Prussia are to be published by Von Beust, to justify his assertion recently made to the Hungarian delegation.

....The Attorney-General has rendered an opinion that all the exemptions to members of the National Guard in the laws of 1867 still exist in full force, being unrepealed.

Publisher's Department.

SILKS AND FANCY GOODS.

THREE years ago the firm of Curran, Goodwin, Walker & Co. was organized in this city, for the purpose of doing an importing and jobbing business in silks and fancy dry goods. Although the general aspect of business at that time was not such as to warrant "great expectations," and other houses have been well content to bridge over the season of general depression which has followed, this firm has achieved a success which would have been remarkable under the most favorable circumstances, and are now competing for the first place in their line of trade. If we look for the reason of this exceptional prosperity, we find it in the following facts: Their business is thoroughly *systematized*, each department being in charge of a member of the firm, who is qualified by an experience gathered from long years of active business to intelligently superintend it. They are all young men and ambitious to excel. Their goods are selected with a taste that is proverbial, and the latest styles are always found in their stock. Above all, their dealings are marked by *strict integrity*, and their customers have learned that they may place implicit reliance upon their statements. In a word, they offer to buyers a full line of British and French standard goods, and some specialties, at the lowest current rates, and in a variety not excelled by any other house. Their place of business is at 359 Broadway and 71 Franklin street, and their card will be found in another column.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

We have executed all the orders sent to us for the Grant and Colfax steel engravings up to this date. We shall hereafter fill those sent us within *one week* after their receipt, and in the order in which they are registered on our books. We hear but one opinion in regard to these engravings. "They are splendid." "They are perfect." "They are magnificent." "They are alone worth *twice* the cost of THE INDEPENDENT." "How can you afford to give them both away for one new subscriber?" "I shall tell all my friends and neighbors what a splendid gift you offer." Such is the talk of our subscribers and friends who have seen or received these engravings. Ritchie, the artist, never has done himself more credit, and never has produced better likenesses. Those who order them, we *positively guarantee*, shall be perfectly satisfied, or they may return them at our expense, any time within ten days after their receipt, and we will refund the money and cancel the subscriptions. We mean one and all shall say that this present is the best and most valuable ever made in the country as a premium for *one* subscriber. We expect to give them away by *tens of thousands*. Reader, send us one new subscriber, and get them, and then tell us plainly whether we have spoken extravagantly.

RITCHIE'S ENGRAVING.

"AUTHORS OF THE UNITED STATES."

WE are now prepared, with a fresh supply, to fill orders for this celebrated engraving as fast as received. We have already delivered this great premium to more than *one thousand* subscribers, and the demand continues unabated. Every mail brings more orders. Specimens are on exhibition at our office, and it is a wonder to all who see them "how such a splendid premium can be *given away* for four subscribers." It is a picture which, in any position, will *always* attract attention; for it contains the faces of many of the ablest and best known Americans. When hung upon the wall, no person can fail to notice and admire it. We are sending them, upon the terms proposed, into every part of the United States and into Canada, also to Europe. We ask our friends in every neighborhood *promptly* to avail themselves of our liberal offer. We positively *guarantee entire satisfaction* in every case, or the money will be refunded and the subscriptions canceled. We believe this engraving to be the most beautiful and most valuable present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers.

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WE are now sending out though the post-office the splendid *steel* engravings of Grant and Colfax, by Ritchie, the celebrated artist. The orders are being executed in the order in which they were received, as registered on our books.

We respectfully ask every person receiving these valuable presents to show them to their friends and neighbors, and ask them one and all to send on their subscription, and obtain them. *Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, or the money will be refunded.* The presents alone are richly worth twice the subscription price of the paper. $2 50 obtains *both* engravings and THE INDEPENDENT for one year. Such inducements for single subscribers were never offered before by any paper in America.

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Reader, look over again our tempting offers, and see if anything is wanted. If you have not already ordered the engravings of Grant and Colfax on the liberal terms proposed, let us hear from you at once. The print-stores would charge *four dollars* for these two engravings, or nearly fifty per cent. more than we ask ($2 50) for THE INDEPENDENT for one year, with your the engravings included. Send alongboth orders.

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ANY person who will obtain four new subscribers, and send us the money, ten dollars, will be presented with both engravings as a reward for his or her services. Each of the new subscribers thus obtained, of course, will receive both engravings also. Any active person, male or female, it is believed, can obtain these presents for an hour's work.

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MRS. SOUTHWORTH.	R. H. DANA.
MITCHELL.	MARGARET FULLER (OSSOLI).
WILLIS.	CHANNING.
HOLMES.	MRS. STOWE.
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MRS. HOWATT RITCHIE.	WHITTIER.
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It is not only a household assistant, worth the labor of three or four pairs of hands; but it is a life annuity, a perpetual security against absolute want. A clever operator on a GROVER & BAKER Machine can always find remunerative employment, all the more because it accomplishes so wide a range of work.

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There are many other reasons which we could give; but these will suffice with the crowning one—that it never fails to give the most entire satisfaction to its owner.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of the paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid).

Address (with full directions how to ship the machines),

HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER,
No. 3 Park Place, N. Y.

MARRIED.

BARSTOW—BROWN.—At Sherburn, N. Y., July 21st, by the Rev. Nelson Millard, Rev. Dwight K. Barstow, pastor of Plymouth church, Rochester, N. Y., to Lily Lathrop Brown, at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. S. R. Rexford.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Three Cord Silk Finish AND Six Cord Soft Finish

Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 24, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our Agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and find superior to any cotton in the market. Good Thread is essential to the successful working of Sewing Machines, and we have always endeavored to improve. The WILLIMANTIC COMPANY has made especial efforts to satisfy us, and expended a MILLION OF DOLLARS in building and organizing a New Factory. Now, with improved machinery, it has achieved a success exceedingly gratifying to us; and furnishes a new Six Cord Thread which we commend to our Agents and all purchasers and users of Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Geo. S. Moulton & Co.,
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EQUAL IN

BEAUTY and DURABILITY

TO THE GENUINE

IVORY,

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This material is guaranteed to resist the action of heat and cold, whether of water or of the atmosphere.

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J. Russell & Co.,
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Sterling Silver

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AT CLOSE PRICES.

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OFFER A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SOLID TABLE SILVER,

DINNER AND DESSERT SERVICES,

TEA-SETS AND FANCY ARTICLES.

NEW STYLES OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE.

BUY OF THE OLDEST AND BEST MAKERS.

REDFIELD & RICE.

4 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

No goods you purchase are so liable to deceive as

SILVER-PLATED WARE.

The slightest wash of silver will finish up, and to the eye it is as good as the best. Look well to the maker,

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

we have made one *regular standard grade of goods*, and placed our name on each piece of ware as our guarantee of its quality. The consequence is a steady and increasing demand for our trade-mark from the best trade, and an unsullied reputation with consumers.

A written guarantee given with each purchase, if requested.

CHURCH, TEA, AND COFFEE SETS, AND URNS, CASTERS, CAKE-BASKETS, AND FRUIT-STANDS, ICE PITCHERS, SALVERS, AND WINE-STANDS.

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"DEW D' ANDES" IS A PERfume of rare quality. Its unparalleled success is secured beyond a doubt. The united opinion of the chemical World is decidedly in its favor. Sold everywhere.

SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP is acknowledged by eminent Physicians as the best BLOOD PURIFIER known. Those afflicted with pustules or suffering from the consequences of impure blood in any form should give this remedy a trial.

SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD

FIRST MORTGAGE CONVERTIBLE BONDS

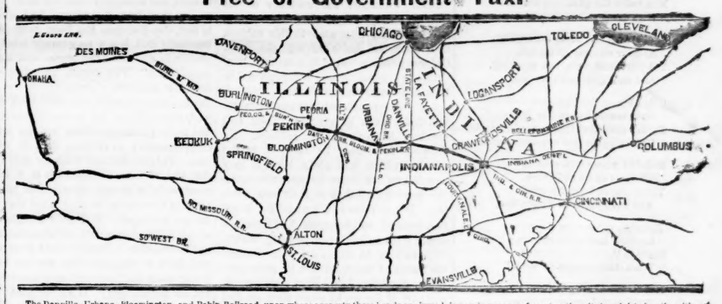
OF THE

DANVILLE, URBANA, BLOOMINGTON, AND PEKIN RAILROAD COMPANY

OF ILLINOIS,

Principal and Interest Payable in Gold at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, New York. Coupons Payable April and October,

Free of Government Tax.



The Danville, Urbana, Bloomington, and Pekin Railroad, upon whose property these bonds are issued, is now in process of construction, its termini being the cities of Danville and Pekin, both in Illinois. The length of the road is 117 5-100 miles; its capital stock $3,000,000. The grading, bridging, and all the work necessary to perfect a complete roadway has been already done, and the whole line is ready for the rails. These are rapidly being put down, and a portion of the road is now in successful operation. It is expected that the whole road will be completed early the coming Autumn.

These bonds are convertible into stock at par, at the option of the holder, and may be registered in the name of the owner at any time, if desired. The total amount of bonds is limited to $2,000,000. The security offered is, as we shall show, the very best. Already sums nearly equal to the total amount of bonds to be issued have been expended on the road. The bonds, averaging less than $18,000 per mile, are secured by a first mortgage on the whole road and entire property of the Company. The road runs East and West on the line of the principal and oldest emigrant wagon-road in the state, passing through several populous towns and cities, and the richest agricultural district in Illinois—in a word, through the garden of the Garden State. Its local business alone will suffice to make it a first-class paying road; while, with its connections with many principal lines, its through trade must be such as to make it one of the most profitable in the country.

The road will be consolidated with the line from Danville to Indianapolis, making a line of 210 miles. At Indianapolis connection will be made with all the through lines to New York and Baltimore; at Danville with the Toledo, Wabash, and Western. In fact, the road will form a main link in the direct communication of the principal Atlantic cities with Southern Illinois, with Keokuk and Burlington, Iowa, and thence with Omaha and the Pacific.

It will complete a direct line from Boston to Peoria, Keokuk, Burlington, Omaha, and the Far West, via Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, and the Bellefontaine Railroad via Indianapolis and Danville, or via Toledo and Wabash and Western Road.

It will form the most direct line from New York to the same points West via the New York Central, Lake Shore, and Bellefontaine Roads to Indianapolis and Danville; or via the Erie, Atlantic, and Great Western to Dayton, Ohio; and via Indiana Central to Indianapolis, Danville, Bloomington, etc.; as well as from Philadelphia, via the Penn. Central, to Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Columbus, Dayton, and Indianapolis.

It will form an important link in the communication of Baltimore and the South with the Great West, the Northwest and the Pacific, via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to Parkersburg, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Danville, and Peoria.

Thus, with the combined advantages of a certainty of a remunerative local business and a through business which, as a connecting link to so many diversing and principal lines, it must necessarily have, it is reasonable to presume that the earnings of this road must exceed, in proportion to its length, those of any other railroad in Illinois. The following table shows the earnings of some of the principal railroads in Illinois:

Railroads.	*Miles road.*	*Earnings per mile.*
CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS	280	$13,300
CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN	1,152	11,670
CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND, AND PACIFIC	440	10,042
TOLEDO, WABASH, AND WESTERN	521	7,261
ILLINOIS CENTRAL	708	10,115

It is safe to estimate the receipts of the Danville, Urbana, Bloomington & Pekin R. R. for the first year at $12,000 per mile, or on 117.05 miles $1,404,600.

FIRST YEAR

RECEIPTS, AS ESTIMATED	$1,404,600

The Independent.

COUNTING THE TREASURE.

WITHOUT, the din and turmoil
In street and crowded mart;
The glare, the pride, and fashion,
The want that hides apart.

In dim, dark vaults mysterious
The rich, uncounted prize;
The lucre heaped by millions,
In fair and tempting guise.

Through daylight's waning glories,
Far in the wierd, still night,
Men count the glittering treasure
With dazed and aching sight.

Count, with deft hands and skillful,
As hour on hour glides fast,
Till morn, and noon, and gloaming,
And midnight watch are past.

Quick brains, light hands and nimble—
Swift touch, and swifter thought!
Earth's good that mocks men's grasping,
Heaven's gifts that come unsought.

O Gold! whose fatal shining
Oft lures to sin and crime
The erring and weak-hearted
And strong men in their prime,

Upon thy gift-strewn altars
Lie fame and bright renown;
Beneath thy car, O Mammon,
What stately hopes go down!

Not for thy fickle guerdon
We'll barter birthright pure;
Beyond the stars our portion
In mansions that endure.

E. V. S.

THE CHINESE PROBLEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

IT has fallen to the lot of the American people to solve certain questions of political science in the school of bitter experience. The Pilgrim Fathers entered this school, and finally graduated with distinguished honors. The signers of the Declaration of Independence and their copatriots entered the same school, and with equal honor terminated their course of study. Those mingling in the scenes of the late civil war have been urged forward by a terrible necessity and compelled to grapple with questions in the science of civil government, which have been settled in a manner calling forth the admiration of the civilized world. The conflict has been irrepressible; but most honorable to the friends of political and civil liberty.

Scarcely have the American people satisfactorily disposed of the negro question and settled the principle of universal suffrage, ere a new question of equally vast moment has been forced upon their attention. I refer to the Chinese question. Its discussion has already commenced. It is clearly manifest that there will be disagreement among statesmen, editors, divines, and the people, respecting the proper manner of adjusting the perplexing points at issue. These various parties are not to be allowed much time before party lines must be drawn and the question definitely put before the American people. No one can overestimate the importance of this subject when he reflects that nearly 100,000 of this people are now upon our shores, and thousands more are on their way, and millions are only waiting for an opportunity to leave the shores of the Celestial Empire and migrate to the Pacific Coast. I heard the Rev. Mr. Blodget, a missionary of the American Board in China, remark, at Amherst, a few days ago, "We can send forty millions, and not feel it." Hence it will appear that, while the African is taking his *exit* from the public stage, the Oriental—the Chinaman—is making his *début*. He is not a personage that can be easily put aside or removed. Past history shows that wherever he plants his foot and commences colonizing the immigration goes forward: it has commenced upon our shores: when it will cease is known only to Him who "hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitations; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from every one of us."

The question arises, How shall the Chinese be viewed? How treated? Shall they be treated as other foreigners seeking our shores; or shall they be treated as a class from whom shall be withheld certain rights and privileges of American citizens? This is the problem to be solved. This is the question to be answered. Now appears to be the proper time for its full, free, and frank discussion; and whoever can throw any light upon it is in duty bound to shed that light, although it be no more than that of a small taper or a rush-light.

Allusions to this subject are becoming more and more frequent in the secular and religious newspapers, in the pulpit, and upon the platform. I was present at the late commencement at Amherst College. It was there frequently referred to by the public speakers. Senator Patterson made a marked reference to the subject in his oration. The Springfield *Republican*, in its issue of July 12th, thus refers to this subject in some remarks upon the convention to be held to-day (July 13th) at Memphis, Tenn., in which will be discussed the question of Chinese labor. The editor of the *Republican* remarks thus:

"The old slaveowners of the South do not take kindly to the paid labor of the free blacks, and they grasp eagerly at anything which promises them relief. The present convention is for the purpose of gaining information about the Chinese, and to arrange for some concerted plan of action. Judging from the success with which Chinese labor has been used on the Pacific Coast, the almond-eyed Asiatics would give a good account of themselves at the South, and, if generally employed, would add immensely to the production of that section. But have the Southerners, who feel so bad about negro suffrage and all that, realized how soon agitation would be commenced for Chinese suffrage and civil rights, and how the political situation would be complicated, instead of ameliorated? If not, they would do well to think of it. They will find that the introduction of Chinese laborers means a good deal more than the nearest approach to old slavery that they can get, which is about the light a good many of them seem to regard it in now."

Thus it will appear that this question looms up in the Western horizon with portentous proportions. The importance of this question cannot be overestimated when we reflect upon the late terrible civil war, and how it naturally resulted from incorporating a false and erroneous principle into the Constitution of the United States Government, which led to the enunciation of the abominable doctrine that "a descendant of an African slave had no rights which a white man was bound to respect." If possible, a similar mistake and error should be avoided; but there are indications in some quarters that we are drifting in the same direction. Have not Chinamen in California been denied a hearing in the civil courts? Have they not been taxed if they worked in the mines, when other foreigners were allowed to work without being taxed? This I hold to be all wrong. The principle itself is pernicious; and, if now our national legislation is based upon the same principle, evil, and only evil, will be the result. Hence this question has now become one of national importance. Its discussion cannot be any longer evaded, and it is not desirable that it should be.

The Chinese question has many aspects. It may be viewed in its political bearings. Shall the Chinese be allowed the right of suffrage? It has its social, educational, religious, and missionary aspects. In order to take a correct view of the subject in all its various bearings, it will be necessary to examine some of the simple elements entering into this great Chinese problem. The following are some of the questions upon which a discussion of this subject will elicit remarks: (1.) Is there ground for the opinion that the Chinese, in large numbers, will resort to America? (2.) If they come, how will they be employed? (3.) Shall they be admitted to all the rights of American citizens? (4.) What is our Christian duty in regard to them?

I may not be able to give satisfactory answers to all these questions; but, having lived for many years among the same class of people on the Sandwich Islands, and carefully watched the tendency of the Chinese immigration to the Pacific Coast, I feel intensely interested in this subject, and earnestly desire to see the great Chinese problem solved in a manner honorable to my countrymen and beneficial to both Americans and the Chinese.

I am fully convinced that vast numbers will find a home in America. They will ere long be reckoned by millions. No limit can reasonably be assigned to the number which will come, because they can find on our shores far more remunerative employment than in their own country. Where there is a demand for labor, that demand will be supplied, if there is a source from which it can be easily drawn. Millions now in China are only waiting the means of transportation to go to Australia, Southern Asia, Peru, America, or any part of the world where they can find remunerative employment. Capitalists, engaged in large manufacturing establishments, demand just the species of labor which is most abundant in China. A good beginning has already been made in California. Have they not labored successfully and satisfactorily on the Central Pacific Railroad from Sacramento to Promontory Point? Only a few days ago I saw Oriental laborers toiling on one side of the *tie* into which the *last spike* was driven, and Irish on the other side. *There* met the Orient and the Occident. While the European laborer will pass onward to the Golden Gate, the Asiatic will as surely pass onward to Chicago, New York, and Boston. Chinese laborers and operatives are now employed in many munufacturing establishments on the Pacific Coast. The following item I clip from a late issue of the Boston *Traveler:*

"A pair of blankets, made by Chinamen at the San Francisco (Cal.) mission mills, and worth $30 in gold, are on exhibition at Boston. They took the prize medal at the California state fair."

In the California mines, although fined, taxed, and maltreated in many ways, still they labor on with patience and success, gathering gold dust from numerous regions which American miners have abandoned. Their skill in various small handicrafts is proverbial. In trade they are not inferior to enterprising Yankees, whether small amounts or large sums are requiring investment. There are residing in San Francisco Chinese merchants who are ship-owners, and who are extensively engaged in foreign commerce. Every mercantile house enegged in the China trade employs one or more responsible Chinese clerks and book-keepers. No clerks in California or China can equal them as detecters of counterfeit coin. One is always to be seen among "the money-changers" in the Bank of California, where one million a day is paid out.

Looking at this question in the light of reason, facts, and common sense, who will dare say that the Chinese shall not be admitted to all the rights and privileges of American citizens upon precisely the same terms and conditions that foreigners are admitted coming from Ireland, Germany, and Scandinavia? Any other policy will work only evil; and, if a mistake or error is now made, its consequences will be fatal in coming time. Let our statesmen and national legislators learn wisdom from the past history of our country.

The limits of this issue of your paper will not allow me even to touch upon the religious and missionary aspects of this great question. There is, however, much to encourage the Christian in the success which has already attended the efforts of the Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists, in California. At the Sandwich Islands the Hawaiian Board of Domestic Missions has vigorously entered upon a similar enterprise, and with the most gratifying success. These Chinese appreciate our efforts to instruct them. Multitudes are now learning the English language, and some have already become connected with Christian churches. But I must close!

WORCESTER, MASS., July 13th, 1869.

SINGING MACHINES.

BY REV. H. D. NORTHROP.

ONE of the conveniences of some heathen countries is a praying-machine, so devout that it relieves its possessor from performing the unpleasant duty himself, and at the same time comforts him with the sweet assurance that his petitions are perpetually uttered. Although no enterprising Yankee has introduced these machines amongst us, where they might enjoy a patronage most encouraging, and speedily become a necessary institution, it is some consolation to know that the department of singing has not been so impiously neglected; and that for plenty of cash any church can do its praising by proxy.

No objection can reasonably be urged against a quartette choir perched in any organ-loft, if its exclusive business is to lead while the people follow. Almost inevitably, however, it becomes a monopoly; and when the suggestive lines are given out

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,"

it is found that all do "refuse" except the four persons aforesaid, and the share assigned to the congregation in this part of the worship is to pay the performers. The latest rendering of a well-known passage of Scripture which bears upon this matter is, "Let the *choir* praise thee, O Lord; let all the choir praise thee." As a matter of fact, quartettes are the death of congregational singing. The responsibility of vocal praise is not thrown upon the people, they are not required to undertake it; provision is made for this part of the service, and they accept it.

That a church which puts its singing out at a price which the most exacting piety cannot affirm to be niggardly may reap certain advantages is evident enough. If there is any brother with a refractory voice, cracked, or thin, or unmusical, who makes all his melody in his heart; or if there is some withered sister, who probably kept better time when she was young and spry; or if there are those whose vocal endeavors are of the brass-foundry order, hired music is a very effectual method for putting the stopper on all such. Although good, rousing congregational singing would take up the laggard ones and sweep them along, as strong men charging in battle carry the weak ones; and although sounds which taken separately might be execrable are lost in the general volume and really help to swell it, yet who dare be so impolite and old-fashioned as to maintain that all singing which does not smack of operatic gentility and devotion ought not to be suppressed? Who can show that the private noise of four persons is not incomparably better than the combined praises of five hundred or a thousand worshipers, uttered with the spirit and the understanding? There is this splendid satisfaction, that art triumphs though such a minor matter as worship dies—another illustration of the old saying that there can be no great gain without some small loss.

It is generally supposed, moreover, that a brilliant quartette, mighty in voluntaries, adds much to the attraction of the sanctuary. It imparts the heavenly flavor which makes the Gospel go down; and where the preaching is weak it saves the minister from utter extinction and the church from depopulation. When there is not theology, nor eloquence, nor praying enough to keep up the concern, it is convenient and pleasant to have a choir to fall back upon. It is expected that the people will come to hear what the minister will say to them from one end of the church, and especially what the choir will sing to them from the other. And when, in fact, the discourse has been most distressingly dull, it is a very timely relief to be able to say that "the music was most magnificent." This covers all other deficiencies, converts a prosy sermon into a sermon most splendid and interesting, and leads one to forget the commonplace and dishwater platitudes which are no more complimentary to religion than to rhetoric. This is meat and drink for the faithful; and who can doubt that it is a most commendable arrangement which allows them to take out in singing what they do not get in Gospel? If there is any church which is dying from lack of respectability and fashionable holiness, would it not be well for it to consider that we are now living under the dispensation of quartettes, and act accordingly? It has been asserted in some of those degenerate days now happily passing away that the chief object of a church was for the minister to preach the truth, and the people to practice it; but in this age of light and progress we have reached the point where the choir sing and the people hear. Thus it will be seen that there are unmistakable advantages in hiring four persons to "enter the courts of the Lord with thanksgiving and the gates with praise." In the majority of cases this is done under the impression that it will add much to the outfit of the place and prove a source of attraction.

Now I am not pleading for "the best music to be left to the Devil," who has the reputation of monopolizing so large a share of it. There is no more piety in such performances as would fill a wild menagerie with consternation than in those lofty and hearty utterances which gratify the most cultivated taste of human beings. Let "the best music" be left to the sanctuary, where every heart ought to be a fountain of joy and every tongue an instrument to proclaim it.

That there is a principle of right and of propriety in congregational singing is not to be denied. The praises of God's house belong especially to the worshipers, and are peculiarly their part of the service. The minister offers the prayers, in which the people join. He preaches the sermon, which they are supposed to listen to with attention. But he is not expected to sing a solo for the edification of the elect. In no denomination of Christians is he held responsible for the department of praise. This is left to the congregation, and is as much their part of the service as the discourse is the preacher's; and he might with as much propriety hire an elocutionist to read a sermon as for the people to hire four persons to scream out their hallelujahs.

Besides, what kind of a principle is that which recognizes the fact that praise ought to be vocal, and employs a quartette to express it, and then practically shuts the mouths of the audience? If it is right for four persons to sing aloud, is it not right for four times four, for a whole congregation? If it is right for the congregation to keep silent, is it not wrong for the choir not to keep silent? Any arrangement whatever which suppresses the utterance of song in the pews is a damage to the most scriptural and proper form of worship. The whole church ought to be a voluntary choir.

But is this practicable? Must there not be choir singing, if there is any at all? Does not the quartette take up the tune just where the congregation breaks down? Will the people sing? Yes. They do in many churches, and would in many more, if all crutches were taken away and they were really put to the test. They sing in prayer-meetings; why not in regular Sabbath services? Every child in the Sunday school has a voice, and can use it; and no melodious four are allowed to warble all the songs. How is it that all persons, young and old, lose their voices the moment they get into church; or become like the man who said he knew only two tunes—the one was "Old Hundred," and the other wasn't, and he generally sung the latter? How is it that, with a piano in almost every American home, and some one with a tongue as well as fingers, we must go to church and sit stupidly in a sort of dumb show? Some of the reasons of this are: tunes too complicated and too little known, hymn-books without the notes, and a general stiffness and formality as wicked as it is orthodox, which makes every one afraid of his own voice, and appear as if he were a juvenile blockhead, whose proper destiny is to be seen and not heard. Let the home be a place of praise; and let the people understand, as they do in Scotland and England, that they are not to shirk the rendering of their own praises, and we shall have that most inspiring and sublime of all music, the chorus of many voices mingling like the sounds of the sea.

Then, if there are churches paying from two to ten thousand dollars for the privilege of keeping silence on the Sabbath, who do not know what to do with their money, let them consider that there are some heathen in this and other lands without Bibles, and in the spirit of self-denial let them patiently await their own arrival in that heaven of praise where it is supposed by many that quartettes will be all the rage.

THE GATES OF PEARL.

"EACH several gate was of one pearl." So writes St. John, in describing his sublime vision of the Holy City. And whether the New Jerusalem is even now rearing its stately walls in spiritual beauty upon earth, or is to build them in material splendor in the millennial age, or whether it is a picture of the home of the blessed on the other side of death, one thing is very certain—that, however broad the foundations might be laid in the twelve precious stones, from jasper to amethyst, these gates of pearl are purely symbolical.

Pearls are beautiful and precious; their lustrous whiteness is purity itself; they are translucent, but not transparent. Such is the screen which divides the other life from ours. We need not here speak of the ineffable beauty which must burst upon the vision of the one who stands upon the threshold of the sinless land. White as the wings of angels is the sacred purity which guards its entrance. And this is what we are to learn from the translucence of the pearly gate. Light shines through it; but we cannot see what is on the other side. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," for the gate is not transparent. "We shall be like Christ"; but, while yet we see him as "through a glass darkly," we know not what that likeness shall be, and the promise is but a gleam of light through the pearl, after all. "Equal unto the angels"—that is a glimmer still less defined. Yet there is light; though not for definite knowledge, for assertion, for description, there is abundant light for faith and joy. Though some hearts, emerging from a horror of great darkness, and wondering to find such blessed rays of light, before unnoticed, beaming upon them, may exclaim in their delight and gratitude, "The gates are ajar!" and though others, less reverent, failing to see anything but a large reflection of what surrounds them here, cry, "The gates are wide open, and the other life is much like this, after all!" yet truly there stand forever those steadfast, unassailable gates, and they are closed between us and the mystery beyond.

More complete isolation of that life from ours can hardly be conceived. Only a word or two echoing down the ages breaks the silence; only a gleam or two through the heavenly gates illumines the obscurity which veils the future state. Humanity stands outside those gates of pearl, seeing the light beyond, and striving evermore to form a definite picture to itself of what is beyond; and moment by moment some one of us goes in, and sees, and knows, but makes no sign to those without, and still we wait our turn.

Generation after generation asks and answers the same questions about the future. But they never stay answered. Shall we sleep till the resurrection of the body? Shall we live as disembodied spirits? How can such communicate one with another? Shall we know each other in Heaven? Do the children remain children evermore? How can we ever be happy while some we love are excluded, perhaps by our neglect or fault? How shall we be occupied during those endless years? What will be the conditions and surroundings of that wonderful, unknown existence?

To some of these questions we can return replies which are tolerably satisfactory to ourselves; but we often find that they satisfy others as little as their answers satisfy us. Each holds his own conception of the life to come, and carries it unproved into the solemn presence of the reality which must break or realize it forever.

Our ideas and imaginings of that life, to be worth anything, must be founded either upon the constitution of the immortal part of our nature or upon the scattered hints which revelation affords. Perhaps no one has reasoned more carefully upon the former than Isaac Taylor, in his "Physical Theory of Another Life"; and few, we think, have gathered up and grouped the latter more felicitously than Madame Gasparin, in her "Heavenly Horizons."

Doubtless God has told us so little of our occupations and enjoyments hereafter for the reason that in our present immature condition they might seem undesirable to us, just as the pleasures of the educated man appear tiresome and incomprehensible to the ignorant child. So he hides what he is preparing for us, and what he is preparing us for, until such time as we can appreciate the highest happiness.

Meanwhile, the Indian figures to himself celestial hunting-grounds of unearthly richness and beauty; and the Mohammedan looks forward to a Paradise of such sensuous delights as earth fails to provide for even the most favored. Must we believe there are Christians whose conception of Heaven presents a continuation of the frivolous pleasures of our city life? We will hope that such are very few; for it is painful to consider the effect upon the soul of thus belittling and degrading the conceptions which should be most spiritual and elevating.

To encourage little children to believe that in Heaven exist all manner of childish delights, or to comfort those are disappointed or bereaved in this world, by the expectation of finding satisfaction in the same line in another world may be but a praiseworthy receiving of them that are weak, and feeding them with milk (and water), in the hope that some time they may grow strong enough to rejoice in a perfect trust that their infinite and all-loving Father will surely meet the needs of the soul which he has made, and control or satisfy its longings with his illimitable treasures. But it is another and less excusable thing to depict that life on a level acceptable to a worldly mind; as if its joys consisted in a fuller aggregation of the pleasures of a rich and fashionable life here, omitting or putting in the background those high spiritual joys—the sinlessness, the worship, the rapture of devotion, the enlarged powers for service, the angelic and divine companionship, the satisfying of the loftiest mental and spiritual aspirations—without which Heaven is but a modification of the Indian or Mohammedan Paradise, upholstered to suit the civilization of the fashionable classes of our nineteenth century cities; as if the light which shines through the pearly gates were undistinguishable from the gas-lights of Fifth Avenue or the Academy of Music.

Let us, at least, stand reverent in presence of the mystery of the future; nor think to measure God's provision for our happiness in that higher state by our low desires in this. The life of the butterfly differs from that of the caterpillar, and the life of the flower or tree from that of the seed, not so much in a more complete fulfillment of conditions essential to its well-being, as in a vast alteration of these conditions—lifting the life up to new enjoyments, new desires, new needs, quite out of the range of its former comprehension, if it had had reason or powers of anticipation. Even so different, so new, so much broader and more beautiful in our degree may we find the life beyond the gates of pearl.

ORWELL.

Book Table.

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINES.

THE longest article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* is by Professor C. F. Schaeffer, on the English Version. The most interesting is that by Dr. J. P. Thompson, containing notes on Egyptology. New data have been lately discovered for fixing the period of the expulsion of the Hyksos from Egypt, which seem to settle this long disputed question, placing the period in the reign of Ahmès I, in the seventeenth century B. C.—two centuries before our received date of the Hebrew Exodus. These invaders had for a long time held possession of Lower Egypt, and had to a great extent adopted the customs and even the religion of Egypt. The notices of German books are, as usual, good; and those of American books are, as usual, utterly inadequate, if not worthless.

On the whole, the best conducted of our religious quarterlies seems to be the *New Englander*. This number contains two articles by President Woolsey—one seeming to be a sermon on "The Religion of the Future," and the other an able discussion of the "Alabama" question. The writer does not admit, by any means, the position of Sumner's speech, and thinks this the best possible opportunity to settle forever the position of neutrals in a time of war. He says:

"War is now to no small extent carried on by neutrals and for neutrals; they are the capitalists in the workshop of death. Let the countries agree by treaty that hereafter, when either is belligerent, no ships of use for the purposes of war shall be built in and sail from the ports of the other, being a neutral, without heavy bonds given by the parties interested, restraining such vessels to an innocent employment. Let blockade-running and the export of contraband articles be placed under similar restrictions. Let a trade more bloody than the slave trade be stopped, so far as law and police can stop it."

Rev. L. W. Bacon has two articles. One a most thorough monograph on the history of "The Secret Instructions of the Jesuits," completely conclusive in showing that it is an admitted forgery, and terribly damaging to the *New York Observer*, and to Dr. E. F. Hatfield. The other is an unanswerable argument for Protestantism, drawn from the comparative morality of Protestant and Catholic countries. The facts given are received mainly from Rev. Hobart Seymour. Professor Porter gives many excellent reasons for loving and sustaining the main features of our present college system.

The *Princeton Review* has three articles on the question of reunion. The only one that will attract attention is that by Dr. Hodge. It is a clear and almost despairing protest against reunion. We hear him as a solitary voice protesting against the consummation of an already accomplished fact. Here is his plea. The Old School theology is that of Augustine and of Paul, "although taught more clearly and solemnly by our Lord himself than by any of his prophets or apostles." This theology the Old School Church has strictly required its members to adopt and teach. The New School, on the other hand, has been tolerant. It has allowed teachings which the Old School has repeatedly condemned. The two bodies have previously clearly uttered their determination to stick by their old traditions—the one of strictness, the other of looseness. The present plan dodges the issue. We do not know what the result will be, a strict or a tolerant body. The union will be likely to prove the death of the Old School. Their strictness has been their strength; and, in yielding it, they are, as the public generally believe, yielding their palladium. "If the truth be lost, all is lost. Our numbers, wealth, and influence will avail us nothing." Besides these articles, we notice a careful review of the question of the genuineness of St. John's Gospel, translated from Lange, by Dr. Schaff, with valuable additions and a description of the United Presbyterian mission work in Egypt.

The *American Presbyterian Review* is uncommonly strong on metaphysics. Four articles—one of the best of them by Prof. Bowen, of Harvard College—discuss questions in this department. Dr. Gillett's article on President Wheelock's connection with the great revival we have found full of interest. Unlike the *Bibliotheca*, this review is full and valuable in its reviews of books published in this country.

The *Methodist Quarterly* has one very interesting article—that by Prof. Merriman, of Michigan University, on "The Application of Photography to Astronomy." The Book of Enoch is briefly and well described. Dr. Whedon's monograph on Romans viii., 31–39, is much too far-fetched and unlikely in its interpretation for our taste. It does not seem to us likely that in that impassioned pæan Paul should have deliberately cramped himself by the sacred numbers, so as to produce consciously "three interrogatories of admiration," "three challenges to the foes," "two catalogues of potencies," including one of "seven terrene" and another of "ten transcendent" potencies, none of which can separate the Christian from the "love of God." As a specimen, we transcribe the following:

"The Apostle marshals his ten potencies in four couplets (each couplet linked by an *and*) and two units. Thereby ten is divided into two fives; each five contains two couplets, followed and closed by a unit.

Death and Life, Angels and Principalities, Powers,
Presents and Future, Heights and Depths, Creature."

We are interested to see that the notice of the "Annual Report of the Boston Theological Seminary" recognizes its pedantic character—at least, so far as to endorse our criticism on such words as *Kerykties* and *Haliæitics*. The review of Rev. J. D. Fulton's tirade against woman's suffrage is severe and just. The editor is outspoken in favor of the measure.

The *Christian Quarterly* maintains in its third number the character it has achieved. We find in it, besides those articles which speak more distinctly the peculiar opinions of those who support it, valuable contributions to general religious thought, especially trenchant in their notices of Romanism. Father Hecker would find it hard to answer fairly (no doubt he could answer, after his way) the points made against him in the article on "The Spirit of Romanism." We have before noticed, what we notice again, that this review has one contributor who has carefully studied the questions involved in the persecution of Galileo.

The *Congregational Quarterly* is especially valuable in elucidating the early religious history of New England, and for preserving the present history, or rather the names and chronology, of Congregationalism. Nine articles in the July number come under these heads. We learn from a paper on the colleges of special interest to Congregationalists (including Harvard) that in the number of instructors the order of precedence is, Harvard, 31; Yale, 24; Amherst, 17; Dartmouth, 16; Williams and Oberlin, 13: in number of students, Harvard, 529; Yale, 519; Dartmouth, 251; Amherst, 250; Williams, 173: in endowments and value of land and buildings, Harvard, $4,000,000; Yale, $1,750,000; Amherst, $1,000,000; Dartmouth, $550,000; Bowdoin, $400,000: in annual current expenses, Yale, $103,250; Harvard, $99,460; Amherst, $40,000; Williams, $30,000; Dartmouth and Oberlin, $22,000: in scholarships and charity fund, Harvard, $243,000; Amherst, $100,000; Dartmouth, $85,000; Yale, $75,000; Williams, $45,000.

The *Congregational Review* pitches into Bushnell's theology whenever convenient. The leading article is by Rev. Geo. P. Jewett, and is another of his stunning blows against the translation of the American Immersionist Bible Union. He proves most convincingly, so far as we can see without verifying his references, that no fixed rule has governed the translators in their selection of the most approved Greek text of the New Testament. Hundreds of cases are noticed where they retain the *textus receptus* in defiance of the oldest manuscripts, and of the consentient authority of Lachman, Tischendorf, and Tregelles, the three best critics on our Greek text.

We have seen some just complaints against the proof-reading in some of these quarterlies. We have noticed many such errors. Thus, a single article in the *American Presbyterian Review* gives us the word "phenommal" half a dozen times. In the review of "The Gates Ajar," Dea. "Quick" is a misprint, one mark of quotation is misplaced, and "neither of them are" is worse than a printer's error. In the *Methodist Quarterly* we count twelve inaccuracies in Hebrew words in a single article, and in the long Latin quotation from the Book of Enoch we notice "*fecites*" for *felices*.

—*May Bell*, one of the best of the prize series published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, is a temperance story, pleasantly written. May, the heroine, is almost too saint-like; but blunt Farmer Jones is the hero of the book, and his decision on the comparative merits of the woodbine which forced its way over the "new shingle" and of the "widder's garden, where she took a sight o' comfort a weedin' of her beets and onions, and waterin' of her cowcumbers, an' killin' of her squash-bugs, and had a heap of garden-sass to show for't," is truly edifying. The authoress, who argues ably against anonymous books, shields herself, after Gail Hamilton's fashion, behind the pseudonym of Herbert Newberry. One of the same series is *Aunt Mattie and Her Young Friends*, by Mabel Hazelton, which reads more like the conventional Sunday school book. The educated young clergyman defies grammar, and says "you were" and "you was" indiscriminately in the same conversation. (Why don't the grammarians and the Quakers meet half-way and legitimatize "you was"?) And his pretty young bride writes, on the wedding-day eve, a pathetic letter to her mother, filled with sentimental prose and young-lady verse. The book falls below others of Lothrop's series in general interest and literary merit.

—*Christ and the Gallows* (Masonic Publishing Company, New York) is a very able, comprehensive, and, indeed, exhaustive argument for the abolition of capital punishment, by Marvin H. Bovee. The author deals with the question from its religious, moral, and practical points of view; and condemns the gallows on the ground of its inexpedicency as well as of its immorality. A very interesting feature of this work is the fact that it contains a great many letters to the author endorsing his general views, from such authorities as John Bright, Horace Greeley, W. C. Bryant, Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Theodore Tilton, George W. Curtis, Dr. Bellows, H. W. Longfellow, Whittier, Rev. Mr. Frothingham, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Alice Cary, and many other distinguished men and women.

—Part XIX. of the American edition of Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible* has been issued by Hurd & Houghton. The value of the English edition is too well known to need further testimony from us. This number contains valuable additions by Dr. J. P. Thompson and Ezra Abbot, LL.D., to the article on "Moses"; by Prof. Warren, on Scripture "Names"; by Professor Hackett, on "Mustard," "Neapolis," "Mount Nebo," "Nahum," "Nehemiah"; by Prof. Robbins, on "Mystery"; and by Dr. Ezra Abbot, in multitudinous notes on manuscripts, under the head "New Testament." The able editors are materially improving on the English edition.

—*The North American Review* has an article, by Charles Francis Adams, Junior, named "A Chapter of Erie," which is likely to have a greater fascination for many readers than the wildest sensation romance would have. Indeed, is it not itself, save for its truth, the wildest sensation romance? It is the history of the great Erie Railway struggle of this year and the last, told in a clear, cold, cutting style, with little comment and few superfluous words. The other articles in the number are good, each in its way; but there is nothing very fresh in the subjects.

—*Divorce and Divorce Legislation*, (Scribner & Co.), by Professor Woolsey, president of Yale College, is a reprint of articles which appeared in the "New Englander" for 1867 and 1868, with some additions and alterations. The book is, first, a clear and concise summary of the laws relating to divorce in nearly all civilized countries; and, next, an earnest and vigorous "counterblast" to the tendency in most of the states of this Union to relax the stringency of the marriage-bond. It is full of interest, and is a very valuable work.

—*Blackwood's Magazine*, of which we receive the "American Edition" from the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, has at least one very interesting article—that on Countess Guiccioli's "Recollections of Lord Byron." This article is specially remarkable because it is a deliberate and careful defense of Byron, and an attack upon his wife; and it certainly puts some facts as they have not been put during any recent phases of the controversy.

—*Five Acres Too Much*, by R. B. Roosevelt, (Harper & Brothers), is one of the most comical books lately issued. It tells the sad mistakes of an amateur farmer and his hardly profitable experience in keeping cows, pigs, and chickens, in raising corn and cabbages. It is a grand book to read in the summer, especially after some of the sensational agricultural stories that we have seen.

—*The Adirondacks* (Scribner & Co.) is a new and enlarged edition, beautifully illustrated, of J. T. Headley's work, which made its first appearance some twenty years ago, and has been going through successive editions ever since. Now that there is a positive run upon the Adirondacks, this book is likely to be welcome to the public.

—*The Destruction of Jerusalem* (Moore, Wilstach & Moore) is a history of the Jewish nation from the days of Abraham to our own time, compressed into one volume. The account of the siege and destruction of Jerusalem is very full and minute. On the whole, the book seems to us carefully and well made up.

—*In Earnest; or, Edith Palmer's Motto*, by Fay Huntington, is issued by J. P. Skelly & Company, Philadelphia, and has more merit than most of the juvenile literature which we have received of late from this firm. This is not the highest praise; but the book deserves it, such as it is.

—*The Woman in Red* (Peterson) is a novel which is announced as "a companion to the 'Woman in White' and the 'Woman in Black.'" We don't ourselves much care to make the acquaintance of any of the ladies of this parti-colored group.

—*Quality Fogg's Old Ledger* is an English story, issued by Henry Hoyt, Boston. Quality himself is a well-defined character, and the story is much better than most of the English reprints which are found in our Sunday school libraries.

—*The first Annual Report of the Peabody Academy of Science* shows that there is at Salem a large number of most enthusiastic naturalists. A little town like Salem is doing more for science than the whole City of New York.

—We have received *The Sabbath at Home; Hall's Journal of Health*; the *New Eclectic Magazine*; and a pamphlet containing a report of the speeches at the banquet lately given to General Dix in Paris.

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The Farm and Garden.

THE RAINBOW.

The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Played in sunshine the raindrops, the birds, and the breeze;
The landscape outstretching in loveliness lay
In the lap of the year in the beauty of May.
For the Queen of the Spring, as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And dash in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers;
The skies, like a banner at sunset unrolled,
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold.
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increased
Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.
We gazed on these scenes while around us they glowed,
When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud.
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the moon that rolls lightly through star-light and blue.
Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm,
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form;
For it looked not severe, like an angel of wrath,
But its garment of brightness illumined its path.
In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.
'Twas the *Bow* of Omnipotence, bent in his
Whose grasp at creation the universe spanned;
'Twas the presence of God in a symbol sublime,
His vow from the flood to the exile of Time.
(Not dreadful, as when in a whirlwind He pleads,
When storms are his chariot and lightning his steeds;
The black cloud of vengeance his banner unfurled,
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world;
In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury and rocks burn with fire;
And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.)
Not such was that Rainbow, that beautiful one
Whose arch was refraction, its keystone the sun.
A pavilion it seemed, with a Deity graced;
And Justice and Mercy met there and embraced.
A while and it sweetly bent over the gloom—
Like Love o'er a death-bed or Hope o'er the tomb—
Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just vanished, or hope had expired.
I gazed not alone on that source of my song,
To all who beheld it these verses belong;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord—
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.
Like a visit, the converse of friends, or a day,
That bow from my sight passed forever away.
Like that visit, that converse, that day to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.
'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defined
With the strong and imperishing colors of mind.
A part of my *being*, beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

FRUIT-GROWERS' CLUB, N. Y.

A TALK ABOUT SMALL FRUITS.

The summer meetings of this club are proving more interesting than usual, being stimulated by the exhibitions of fruits, flowers, and vegetables at each session. The meetings on Thursday, July 22d and 29th were particularly enjoyable, and we present full reports of the addresses by William Parry, Cinnaminson, N. J., and E. Williams, Montclair, N. J. The experience of these two gentlemen has been quite extensive, and their reports of successes will be a good guide for all just commencing fruit culture. Mr. Williams's place possesses a strong, heavy soil; while Mr. Parry's is very warm, and light. Soil and climate differ from each other; and, if they unite in recommending any variety of fruit, it is worthy of trial anywhere.

HON. WM. PARRY ON THE CULTIVATION OF SMALL FRUITS.

The cultivation of small fruits is assuming a magnitude and importance that was unknown within the recollection of many of us. Heretofore a few hills in the yard for family use, or small patches raised by market gardeners, the products of which were retailed from their wagons or stalls, comprised the principal stock that was grown. Then but few of the inhabitants could indulge in fruits before peaches and apples were ripe. Now whole plantations and broad acres are required on which to raise small fruits; and regular fruit-trains are employed to carry it by railroad to the large cities, to supply the millions residing in and near them, to whom the fruit that is gathered early in the morning can be sent fresh and in good order. The large populations of densely-crowded cities may now partake freely of the most wholesome and delicious fruits, to the great benefit of their health and economy of living, for several months during the hot, sultry weather, when so desirable and refreshing, before melons and the large fruits make their appearance. I have seen from 80 to 120 acres of strawberries growing on single farms, for 50 to 60 acres of raspberries, and from 30 to 70 acres of cultivated blackberries, requiring hundreds of hands—men, women, and children—to pick and gather the fruit for market, furnishing healthy and profitable employment for many who are unable to perform the heavier farming labor. This week's crop of strawberries picked and shipped to market over 10,000 quarts of blackberries, mostly Wilson's Early and Kittatinny, with some New Rochelles. During last week I sent to market daily from 2,500 to 3,000 quarts, principally Wilson's Early, and a fortnight previous from 2,000 to 2,500 quarts of raspberries. These several fruits follow in succession; so that the same pickers, baskets, crates, and fixtures required for strawberries can be used for raspberries and blackberries. It is necessary that ripe fruit should be carried quickly to market, so as to arrive early in the morning, to be distributed among the retail dealers and forwarded promptly to the consumers without delay on the road, or it will not sell greatly depreciate. From Norfolk, Va., they have fast steamers, which carry berries direct to New York, a distance of 300 miles, for one cent a quart; while from Burlington County, New Jersey, less than 100 miles, we pay fifty per cent. more, or one and a half cents per quart, and frequently the train does not arrive until after the morning market is over, and the berries cannot be sold except at a great sacrifice. Last week my loss was from $80 to $90 per day because the train was behind time. On the fourth and fifth days the fruit-train was behind time; and in consequence our berries had to be sold at eight cents per quart, which would have brought from twenty to twenty-five cents per quart if the train had been on time. The next day it arrived on time, and the same quality of fruit brought twenty-one and a half cents per quart, making a difference in the receipts for the 600 quarts that I sent of $80.40.

We are having better crops of fruit this season than for many years past; and it may not be out of place to mention some that have done well, as those that did not succeed this year with proper treatment should not be retained in cultivation. First on the list come strawberries. Perhaps there is no greater error in their treatment than summer or fall planting. Yet all who enjoy a bountiful supply of the delicious fruit wish to have some growing next year on their own grounds; and horticultural writers, better versed in theory than practice, recommend fall planting as a matter of economy, that the same ground can be used that has already produced a crop of vegetables, and they can get a crop of fruit the next year, instead of waiting till the year following; and those having plants for sale are generally ready to fill the orders for plants, knowing full well they must be duplicated in the spring or the planter will have beds of thin, scattering plants, unsightly to look at and no profit to the owner. Strawberry plants set properly in the spring will grow and flourish as easily as a potato-patch; while those set in the latter part of summer require the utmost care to keep them alive, by supplying moisture and shade to protect them from the scorching sun. Next spring the few plants that may have stood the unnatural treatment will be smothered in a rank growth of grass, that will require more labor and expense to keep down than would pay for all the strawberries that would grow on the weakly plants thus treated. Strawberries planted in the fall require so much more labor and attention to make them succeed than when planted in the spring that it can only be recommended when the object is to obtain some new and choice variety, the value of which will compensate for the extra care required to grow a few plants out of season.

WHAT KINDS TO PLANT.

The largest strawberries of a bright red color bring the most money in market. Hence size and appearance are the most important and indispensable properties, and a strawberry without them can never be popular in market, notwithstanding its other good qualities. In selecting a few of the most profitable varieties to cultivate, any that have not these qualities in a good degree should be excluded. From a large list in fruiting this year with me I should recommend the following, viz.: Wilson's Albany, Agriculturist, Boyden's No. 30, Charles Downing, and Kentucky. The first-named, although not of the largest size, is remarkably firm, bears carriage a great distance, and keeps up well in market. The next two were raised from seed by Seth Boyden, of New Jersey. They are very large and showy berries, and brought $1 per quart in market this year, while other strawberries were plenty at one-fourth the price. The last two-named are seedlings, grown by J. S. Downer, of Kentucky; both are large, bright red berries, of delicious quality, and very much resemble each other in vigor and growth of the plants, size, productiveness, appearance and quality of the fruit. The Kentucky is, however, about ten days later in ripening its fruit than the Charles Downing and other large strawberries, and continues in fruit until raspberries commence, just filling the little interregnum in the berry season, supplying a deficiency in the list of small fruits that is very desirable. When the only strawberries in market were grown in patches, we very properly endeavored to procure the earliest varieties. But, since by the aid of steam our markets are supplied with early fruits from the South before ours mature, we can do better with large varieties, ripening at a later period, after this glut is over. I had intended to exhibit a few quarts of the Kentucky strawberry at a meeting of this Club, but did not find time to do it. However, as the next best substitute for the fruit itself, I had an accurate drawing of it taken by the skilful and accomplished artist of *Harper's Magazine*, Theo. R. Davis, and will furnish a copy to hang in this room.

RASPBERRIES.

Soon after strawberries are gone raspberries commence; and, if care is taken to select the most hardy and productive kinds, an abundance of delicious fruit may be furnished during their time of ripening. Heretofore the most important properties have been lost sight of in discussing the five shades of difference in the qualities of some tender varieties, that require as much care and attention as foreign grapes to produce a crop of fruit. Let us drop those fallacies, and commence at the standpoint that any raspberry well smothered in sugar and cream is good enough for the table. Then look around for the most hardy and productive raspberry, of a bright red color, large and firm enough to carry well to market. Whoever will produce a raspberry combining those five qualities will greatly benefit mankind, and deserve a liberal compensation for his services. There have been many new varieties introduced within a few years, claimed to be excellent, which, after a short time, have passed out of notice, simply because they were not hardy and productive—two indispensable properties that should belong to every raspberry worth cultivating, and some that have no other recommendation are very popular. The Doolittle Black and Philadelphia are extensively grown—more acres planted and more bushels of fruit produced than of any other two kinds, although the small size and dark color of the former are against it, and none admire the dull purplish red and soft yielding flesh of the latter. Yet they are more largely cultivated than others of better quality, merely because they are hardy and productive. The size and color of the Clarke raspberry induced many of us to hope it would prove valuable; but, after fruiting it six summers and growing several acres of them, I have discarded it as a field crop. It is not sufficiently productive, nor firm enough for market, and will hereafter be classed as an amateur berry—same as the Antwerp, Hornet, Orange, and other delicious fruits that do not generally succeed with field culture. Raspberries are local in their habits. Many kinds that do well in some sections where soil and climate suit them, will not succeed in other localities; and it is safer to plant several varieties, and ascertain which will do the best. I have recently observed a rust or fungus upon the Black Caps, which, if not arrested, will soon make sad work with that variety. It appears to be similar to what is seen on the native wild blackberry and dewberry. It first makes its appearance on the under side of the leaves, in form of a reddish incrustation; and, when ripe, is carried by the wind and insects to the surrounding bushes, which show the effects next year by sending up a number of small, spindling shoots, which produce no fruit nor blossoms. Three years since it commenced on a five-acre lot of Doolittle raspberries, and has spread so rapidly that the whole of them are now nearly worthless, and will be destroyed this summer. I have another block of twenty acres of Doolittles which are yet green and healthy. If they should be attacked with the fungus they will be as completely ruined as the first lot. The disease seems to be as destructive in its march as the fire-blight on pear-trees or the yellows on peaches. Here is a subject deserving attention—to ascertain the cause and find a remedy, or the Black Cap variety will become of but little value.

BLACKBERRIES.

Blackberries commence before raspberries are entirely gone, and for a short time we can enjoy both. Their cultivation was greatly encouraged three or four years since by the introduction from New Jersey of two of the most valuable varieties known, the Wilson's Early and Kittatinny, which will supersede all others in market, being much larger than Dorchester and sweeter than the New Rochelle. Where convenient to market, they are very profitable, producing as many bushels per acre as corn, with less labor. They need but once planting, and will continue to yield annually several hundred dollars per acre for many years. There are many new varieties being introduced, which will require much time and careful experiment to ascertain if they have any desirable qualities not possessed by others. I have purchased many, at high prices; and, after devoting years of close attention to their cultivation, found they had no merit worthy of note, and discarded them. The Missouri Mammoth was represented to grow as large as eggs. It has fruited twice with me, producing berries of quite moderate size, as you can see by the fruit here on exhibition. The Sinclair, Holcomb, Mason's Mountain, and Cumberland are about the same. Parker's Early, Brandenburg, and Alabama are not worth growing. Idaho Climbing is nothing but the common wild dewberry. I have here a few bunches of the Crystal White and Dr. Warder, the latter a purple berry, novelties in their way, but of no practical value. It is quite expensive for each individual to be trying these experiments, and by associated action we might aid each other. If this Club would appoint a committee on rejection, to examine and condemn new fruits that are offered for sale, they might get more blame than praise for what they found to do; yet they could render great service to the community, as the result of careful and impartial experiments recorded and sent out from here would be highly esteemed by inquirers throughout the land.

Mr. Parry's address is one of the most sensible and practical given to the public this year, and the Club exhibited much gratification and hearty appreciation in listening to it.

Mr. E. Williams, of Montclair, in an extempore address, furnished notes from his own experience, no less interesting, accompanied with plates of Kittatinny blackberries, raspberries, and gooseberries.

RASPBERRIES.

"Here is the Doolittle Black Cap—an early, hardy, profuse bearer, the berries large, sweet, rich, and sprightly, and the best of all the black caps we have yet seen. This variety is preceded by Davison Thornless—a berry of similar size and appearance, but not so sweet. Last season it ripened about a week before the Doolittle; but this season not more than three or four days before it. The Davison's Thornless is not so good a grower or bearer as the Doolittle; but its chief merit consists in its almost entire freedom from thorns on the bushes. The Miami Black Cap is a week to ten days later than the Doolittle; and, you will observe, is a little larger, with a bloom on the fruit. This is also hardy, and a strong grower and abundant bearer; but does not ripen as rapidly or uniformly as the Doolittle. It is very popular at the West, and is there claimed to be the best variety; but we have yet to learn wherein its superiority lies. It is softer, more liable to be picked unripe, and we think hardly as rich as the Doolittle. With one single exception, all who have tested them from the bushes on our grounds award the palm of superiority to the Doolittle. Seedling Black Caps are getting quite numerous, and here is one of ours which has been much admired by many visitors this season. But whether it will prove worthy of dissemination or not time will determine. One thing is certain, which is, that a better Black Cap than the Doolittle must be a good one.

As the raspberry season is about closing, I thought a few samples of some of the leading varieties, with some remarks as to our experience with them, might be of interest to the Club. It will, of course, be understood that with many of these the season is nearly over; consequently the specimens cannot be considered hardly an average as regards size.

Of the red varieties, the Philadelphia is a very popular sort, from the fact of its being hardy and a profuse bearer, and succeeding where many of the finer sorts fail. It is rather too soft for long carriage, rather inclined to crumble, quality not higher than second-rate; but this variety can be recommended to those who wish a red variety that needs no protection during the intense cold of winter.

Here is Clarke, a new variety, which many parties persist in recommending as hardy. But, with three years' experience, we assert it is not safe in this latitude without protection. Although it is the hardiest of the class (the Antwerp family) to which it belongs, and these specimens were grown without any protection, the canes killed about one-third their length the past winter, mild as it was.

Here is Brinckle's Orange, Hudson River Antwerp, and Franconia, all of fine size and quality, and with good care seldom fail to give satisfaction, save in light, sandy soils. But, it must be remembered, the price of these is winter protection. Of these four the Hudson River Antwerp is the best for marketing, having more adhesiveness than any of the others.

Here is Belle de Fontenev, an autumn-bearing variety, of large size and good quality, more acid than the preceding, and on this account would be preferable to some tastes. But it has no tenacity, crumbles badly, and suckers outrageously.

Lindsley's Fastolf, small, crumbles; never saw it better than this season.

Scarlet Seedling, introduced two years ago by an eminent horticulturist as the best he had yet tried. It is handsome, the quality is good, but produces few perfect berries, and those fall to pieces in picking. These last two have been recommended by parties as being the best they could find after repeated trials of the most noted kinds. We must say we commiserate anybody who cannot grow better sorts than these. In our estimation, their suckering propensities is enough to condemn them; and, if we can root out the nuisances from our grounds, we shall be glad. We present also a few gooseberries—the Cluster, or American Seedling, the Downing, the Mountain Seedling, and a seedling of our own. These are all profuse bearers and free from mildew. The Downing and Mountain are a marked improvement on the Cluster as far as size is concerned. Here is also Whitesmith and Crown Bob, foreign varieties, as fine and free from mildew as ever I saw them.

The theory advanced by the knowing ones is that the foreign varieties cannot be grown in this country without severe pruning and a vigorous growth of young wood. But the fact that these were grown on old bushes, without care—bushes that have not had a decent berry on for the last three or four years, and were considered worthless—does not accord with theory.

The same thing has occurred in my neighbors' gardens. Bushes that have lost all their fruit with mildew for years past are this year producing a fine crop of fine fruit; so that some other theory must be devised to account for it.

BLACKBERRIES.

Dorchester proves with me, on good strong soil, one week earlier than the Wilson—in fact, is the earliest and most satisfactory grown. Of fair size, but sweet flavor, very agreeable; not as productive, however, as any of the others, still fairly prolific. Is fit to eat as soon as black.

Missouri Mammoth is later than any of the rest. Not as large as represented to be, and very few berries. I should call it a "*grand humbug*" on my place, although I observe Mr. Parry states it is as productive on his place as any variety grown. When it first appeared, the fruit was represented to be fully as large as hens' eggs; but I find, as you also see in the plates before you, that it is not as large as the Wilson or Kittatinny, and really about the same size and flavor as the Dorchester. I do not consider it any better. It does not ripen evenly, is too long, and is a long time in coming into bearing.

The Lawton Blackberry has had its day. There are now other varieties so much superior that they will command higher prices in the market; and the Lawton must gradually work its way out, and be replaced by the new varieties. It winter-kills badly, and that is sufficient to throw it out of our best lists.

The Kittatinny needs no additional recommendation to what it has already received. It will always speak for itself. Is the hardiest of all blackberries, succeeding everywhere, from Canada to the Western and Southern States; is the best flavored and most vigorous and productive. I have canes upon my place from which I have picked, I should judge, a good peck of fine berries. The fruit always markets well, ripe as soon as black, and begins to ripen with the earliest, extending over a long period down to the very latest.

Wilson Early, although much earlier south of me, does not prove with me much earlier than the Kittatinny, and no more productive, although large and good flavor.

Best Methods of Growing Blackberries.

In planting blackberry bushes, I would put out in rows eight feet apart and six feet in rows. The first year I would allow but one cane to grow to each stool. Then the second season I would allow two canes to grow, and the same every year thereafter. The canes ought to be always tied to stakes; if not, the bushes will stretch out and fill the entire rows, making it difficult to pass up and down, also hanging over and touching the fruit on the ground. I am now experimenting with wire trellis, and consider it very suitable. The bearing canes can be trained sidelong from the hill, permitting the two fresh canes to grow directly upward in the center. After the canes have done bearing, cut them entirely out and let the new ones grow; as the old stalk will yield no more fruit, and as long as allowed to grow will take away nourishment needed by the new canes. The new canes should be topped at a hight of four or five feet, and allow the side-shoots to develop themselves. In this way the bushes can be kept into a compact form, and their growth made well matured.

APPLES AND PEARS.

Several plates of Early Apples and Pears were exhibited.

The Madeleine Pear is one of the very earliest; good looks, only moderate size and flavor, but the fruit perishes rapidly.

The Doyenne d'Ete succeeds the Madeleine; is not as large, but of better quality.

The *Red Astrachan Apple* is large, round handsome red color, early, borne in clusters of 3 and 4 together; if fully ripened is delicious, but, like other early varieties, rots rapidly.

The Early Harvest Apple is another delicious early apple.

The Sweet Bough is very large and sweet; very popular.

The Duchesse of Oldenberg is exceedingly productive, smooth, of good quality, and so hardy that it will grow anywhere, even up into the coldest portion of Minnesota.

DESTRUCTION OF INSECTS.

The subject of employing newly-slacked lime as an excellent article for repelling insects was discussed. A. S. Fuller spoke highly of lime, and stated that he makes use of powdered lime, dusted over growing plants, for destroying and repelling almost all kinds of noxious insects. No substance gives more general satisfaction. Air-slacked lime only should be used, and applied when the leaves are wet with dew.

Club then adjourned one week.

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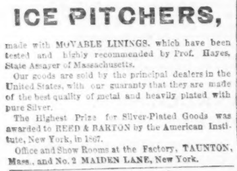

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Financial & Commercial.

AMERICAN COINAGE.

THE recently published letter of E. H. Derby, commissioner appointed to examine and test the coinage of the United States mints, addressed to the late Secretary of the Treasury, and by him submitted to Congress in February last, recommends some very radical changes in our system of coinage, and also our money nomenclature. We think them worthy of consideration, especially in view of the fact that the question of securing some common monetary unit is just now engaging the attention of commercial nations.

The plan of Mr. Derby is to make gold the single and absolute standard of value, and carry out the principle of *decimal* subdivision in respect to American coinage. In fixing the weights of this coinage, he proposes that we should adopt the French system, and substitute the *gramme* for the pennyweight. The monetary unit which he suggests as a base for the other coins is the *double eagle*, or twenty-dollar gold piece. This he recommends to be reduced to the weight of 30 grammes of pure gold and 8 grammes of alloy—thus superseding the inconvenience of fractional calculations in estimating its relation to other coins, and also bringing it more easily into harmony with the coinage of the principal nations of Europe. He proposes, too, that this coin shall be called ANGEL, and in this way be better suited to the nomenclature of other countries. As to other gold coins, he suggests the discontinuance of the one-dollar, the two-and-a-half-dollar, and the three-dollar pieces, as unnecessary; and the substitution therefor of a two-dollar piece, being one-tenth of the angel, having the size of the ten-franc piece now in general use in Europe, and taking the name of *ducat*. In respect to the single eagle of ten dollars, the half-eagle, and the quarter eagle, he makes no suggestions; yet the first would be embraced and the other two excluded by a strict application of the decimal principle.

Coming to the question of *silver* coinage, Mr. Derby recommends that it shall be three or four per cent. below the gold value, to prevent it from being drawn away into other countries. The silver franc piece of France, weighing 22½ grammes of pure silver and 2½ grammes of alloy, he suggests as the future dollar of this country, and its convenient decimal subdivisions between the dime and the dollar for a fractional currency. The fifty-cent pieces he would call FLORINS, and the twenty-cent pieces FRANCS, as "names generally adopted in Europe, where they would at once be recognized." The franc would be the introduction of a new silver coin, equal in value to two dimes, and representing the tenth of the ducat or the two-dollar gold piece, and the one-hundredth of the angel or double eagle. Of the lower coins below the silver dime Mr. Derby takes no notice; and hence, as we suppose, he would leave the cent, the two-cent, the three-cent, and the five-cent pieces to stand as they are.

The objects sought to be accomplished by these recommendations are two-fold: first, to simplify and improve the coinage of this country for domestic purposes; secondly, to bring our coin into harmony, so far as may be, with the coinage of the world, on the basis of the *angel* as the monetary unit. Both of these objects are certainly desirable.

If Congress were to adopt the suggestions of Mr. Derby, we should then have the angel, the eagle, and the ducat for a gold currency; the dollar, the florin, the franc, and the dime for a silver currency; and the several subdivisions of the inferior coins for a smaller currency. The gold dollar we have always regarded as a nuisance, on account of its littleness, and its consequent liability of being lost. The two-and-a-half and the three-dollar gold pieces are not in the line of decimals with the twenty-dollar piece; and for this reason might well be discontinued. The five-dollar gold piece might be conveniently retained, as midway between the silver dollar and the eagle or the ten-dollar piece.

We think, on the whole, that the plan would be an improvement for domestic purposes, to say nothing of its foreign relations. Our system of coinage certainly is not perfect; and, if it can be made better, then the effort is well worth the trial. The introduction of new names and new coins must, of course, encounter the difficulty that grows out of the established habits of the people; yet this would soon pass away by the mere force of experience and practice. These new coin names would soon acquire the fixed qualities of *proper* names, and when brought into general use would be perfectly familiar to the people. Those who are professionally skilled in such matters may see good reasons for modifying the suggestions of Mr Derby; yet the coinage question is now being subjected to a thorough review, and the American people should take their part in the discussion, and cheerfully accept any *real* improvements that may be proposed.

THE SAVINGS BANKS OF NEW YORK.

We present, in the following table, a view of the savings banks of the State of New York for the last ten years, with the amount of deposits, the number of depositors, and the average due to each depositor on the 1st of January in each year:

Years.	*No. of Banks.*	*Deposits.*	*Depositors.*	*Average Due.*
1860....	64	$58,178,100	273,965	$212 34
1861....	71	67,440,397	310,093	217 06
1862....	71	64,963,150	300,518	213 24
1863....	71	76,538,383	347,184	220 45
1864....	71	93,786,394	400,194	234 35
1865....	73	117,796,424	456,721	244 77
1866....	75	135,472,509	465,001	248 32
1867....	86	151,769,074	488,501	269 74
1868....	103	151,127,502	537,466	281 18
1869....	110	169,808,678	588,556	288 51

These banks, at the commencement and at the end of the above decade, were distributed as follows:

NEW YORK CITY.

Years.	*No. of Banks.*	*Deposits.*	*Depositors.*	*Average Due.*
1860....	18	$43,410,083	196,979	$220 37
1869....	32	105,670,472	355,978	296 87

CITY OF BROOKLYN.

Years.	*No. of Banks.*	*Deposits.*	*Depositors.*	*Average Due.*
1860....	4	$5,024,050	30,113	$186 76
1869....	13	22,856,127	83,934	272 31

OTHER CITIES OF THE STATE.

Years.	*No. of Banks.*	*Deposits.*	*Depositors.*	*Average Due.*
1860....	42	$9,144,027	46,883	$195 03
1869....	65	41,273,079	148,644	277 66

With less than half of the number of savings banks in the whole state, New York and Brooklyn show a deposit of more than three times the amount of all the other banks in the state, and depositors in about equal proportion. Comparing Brooklyn and New York, we find that the increase in the number of banks, the amount of deposits, the number of depositors, and the average due to each depositor, have been greater in the former than in the latter city. Looking at the whole state, we find that savings banks have nearly doubled in number during the last ten years, more than trebled in the amount of their deposits, nearly trebled in the number of their depositors, and with the exception of 1862 steadily increased in the average due to each depositor. We find also that the yearly increase of the deposits in the last half of the decade is greater than that of the first half. The great sources of these deposits are clearly indicated by the average due to each depositor. Take the 1st of January, 1869, and we have $169,808,678, distributed among 588,556 depositors, giving an average of $288.51 to each one. By far the largest proportion of this sum is the product of comparatively small deposits; and this shows a thrift and economy among the working classes in our cities where savings banks are located, and where most of the depositors live, sufficient to lay the basis for a respectable surplus for each one, and a vast surplus in the aggregate. Industry, economy, and a fair rate of wages are inscribed upon such a fact. Labor here finds employment, and, for a rule, is well paid. There is no good reason in this country why the great mass of the poorer and middle classes should not earn a surplus beyond their expenses, and thus become at least small capitalists. This proposition is clearly demonstrated by the statistics of savings banks.

THE NATURE OF CAPITAL.

WRITERS on finance have spent not a little time and ink in the effort to define the precise nature of *Capital*. Some give to the term a broader and others a narrower meaning. "All capital," says Mr. James Wilson, "consists of accumulated labor, represented by commodities." According to Mr. Mill, the term refers not to the things possessed, but rather to the intention or purpose of the possessor in respect to their *use*. Mr. M'Leod defines capital to be "anything which a man can trade with, or which helps him to economize labor; any property or quality which he possesses, which enables him to increase his wealth; any instrument, however humble, or any contrivance, however simple, which abridges labor and increases production." Mr. Patterson, in his "Science of Finance," makes capital to consist in "all RESERVE WEALTH—all *property* not consumed or made use of by its owner." The last of these definitions we regard not only as stating the *generic* truth better than the others, but also as more conformable to the general usage of human speech. We accept it as substantially correct. Capital implies an *owner* who is called a capitalist, and also the possession and control of something by this owner that among men has the attributes of property. This something, in whatever form it may exist, is the "reserve wealth" of the owner—his property in the form of capital, not consumed or made use of for his own wants; and just in proportion to its amount and exchangeable value it makes him a greater or smaller capitalist. If he owns a bushel of wheat in excess of his own consumption, that bushel of wheat is his capital as really as a million of bushels would be under like circumstances. An acre of land owned by him makes him a capitalist as really as a thousand acres. All property in actual existence and possession that is reserved beyond consumption—whether it be commodities, money, bank-notes, bonds, commercial bills, or land—supplies the fundamental element of capital upon the condition of ownership. We hence see that almost *all* persons are, to some extent, capitalists, differing from each other only in the amount of their "reserve wealth." Comparatively few are so poor as absolutely to have no capital, especially in this country.

Considered in respect to the *possessor*, capital is divided into *national* and *individual* wealth. The reserve wealth of a country consists in its metallic currency, commodities, lands and their appurtenances—in everything which it holds at a given time, but does not use for its own consumption, and also all its claims on other countries in excess of its contemporaneous foreign debts. In like manner, the wealth of an individual consists in the reserve of property he holds beyond consumption and use. The form of this surplus property is not material, provided it be exchangeable into other kinds of wealth. If it be money, then we speak of it as *loanable* capital. If it be invested, especially in lands, then we call it *fixed* capital. Its aggregate, as possessed by individuals, is the true measure of national wealth. No nation can be rich if the people are poor, or poor if the people are rich.

The *potency* of capital, or its power of effective increase, depends mainly on three circumstances: first, the degree of its exchangeableness into other kinds of property; secondly, the extent to which it is employed in profitable industry; thirdly, the economy of the methods by which it is so employed. The first of these circumstances pre-eminently attaches itself to *money*. There is no form of reserve wealth that can be so readily or variously used as money. Being not only a medium of exchange, but also a standard of value, it represents *all* values, and hence may with facility take any form which the capitalist desires. Its power of "mobilization" is much greater than that of commodities. In the second circumstance productive industry allies itself with capital; and, of course, the more perfect the alliance and the larger the field of its operations the more abundant will be the results arising from the joint power of the two. In the third circumstance we have the law of economy applied not only to the capital itself so as to make the manner of its use most effective, but also to the various forces which are brought into action in connection with it. The striking feature of modern society, as compared with former times, consists not only in a large increase of reserve wealth, but also in a corresponding increase of its potency. The commercial nations are rapidly growing rich, and at the same time augmenting the power of their surplus capital in carrying on the industries of life. This is one of the great secrets of modern progress in material prosperity and social improvement.

THE RAILROADS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

MASSACHUSETTS—one of the original thirteen states—has a superficial area of 7,800 square miles, or 42,992 acres, divided into fourteen counties. It is naturally one of the least fruitful of the New England States; and yet cultivation, and especially mechanical industry, have made it one of the richest and most productive states of this country in proportion to its size. We doubt whether any country can furnish a better exhibition of intelligence, public thrift, good order, and general virtue than that supplied by the people of Massachusetts. Though among the smaller and most barren of the American states, her position is, ever has been, and ever must be one of prominence and power. This fact is due to her *ideas*, and to the *men* that hold and wield them. The people of Massachusetts are *workers*, occupying themselves with a great variety of industrial pursuits; and this is the great secret of their accumulated wealth.

The population of the state at each decennial census has been as follows:

Years.	*Population.*	*Increase.*
1790.....	378,717.....	
1800.....	423,245.....	44,528
1810.....	472,040.....	48,795
1820.....	523,287.....	51,247
1830.....	610,408.....	87,131
1840.....	737,699.....	127,291
1850.....	994,514.....	256,815
1860.....	1,232,494.....	237,980

This shows a regular and, with the exception of the decade between 1850 and 1860, an advancing increase of population, mainly by natural growth; and that too, notwithstanding a very large emigration to other states. The total industrial production of the state in 1855 was estimated at $295,820,681. Its exports for the year ending June 30th, 1859, were valued at $18,158,818, and its imports at $43,184,500. These figures will be greatly enlarged by the census of 1870.

Nothing is more natural than that a state of such thrift and productive enterprise should embark its wealth and energy in the construction of railroads. Such has been the fact; and the result may be seen by the following tabular statement, based on the report made to the legislature of the state for the year ending Nov. 30th, 1868:

Number of roads	45
Aggregate miles of road	1,264
Capital paid	$81,760,383 80
Debt	36,214,726 83
Cost of road and equipment	95,145,660 90
Gross income	22,761,616 71
Expenses of working	15,809,509 27
Interest paid	1,079,063 18
Net income	5,385,596 94
Accumulated surplus	5,420,517 19
Average per centage of dividends	5

Some of these roads pay large dividends; and upon an average they all paid nearly 8 per cent. on the capital stock in 1868. The Hartford and New Haven road paid a dividend of 12 per cent.; the Boston and Albany, the Boston and Maine, Nashua and Lowell roads paid each 10 per cent.; the Connecticut River road paid 9 per cent.; the Boston and Lowell, Boston and Providence, Eastern, Fitchburg, New Bedford and Taunton, New London and Northern, Providence and Worcester, Taunton Branch, and Worcester and Nashua roads paid each 8 per cent.; and other roads paid various rates of per centage, down to 1½ per cent., which was that of the Vermont and Massachusetts road. The exact average on all the roads was 7.95 per cent.

Massachusetts has a mile of railroad to a little less than every six square miles of territory; which is proportionately greater than that of any other state in the Union. Ohio has one mile of road to a little less than every twelve square miles of territory. A ratio for the whole country equal to that of Massachusetts would give 600,000 miles of road, instead of 42,255 miles, which is the present amount. The tonnage on the roads of Massachusetts in 1867 amounted to 5,394,137 tons, or 3,853 tons per mile. The Old Bay State is the banner state in the railway system, having proportionately a greater number of miles, and carrying proportionately a larger tonnage, than any other state of the Union. The Yankee mind understands the art of WORK; and this it is, and not the soil or the climate, that has clothed the state with such productive power.

MONEY MARKET.

THE excellent management of Secretary Boutwell in relation to the sale of his surplus gold and the purchase of Government bonds gives confidence to our moneyed men, and enables operators of various classes to undertake large enterprises and speculations with a reasonable certainty of an easy money market for a month ahead, at least; and a month in these speculating times is a long look ahead, particularly upon the Stock Exchange.

The Secretary's programme for August gives very general satisfaction. The national debt was reduced in July seven millions four hundred thousand dollars; and it is announced that the reduction in August will exceed ten millions. General Butterfield, the Assistant Treasurer, publishes the following as the purchases of bonds and the sales of gold for the month of August:

PURCHASES OF BONDS.

Aug. 4 (subject to approval of Congress)	$2,000,000
Aug. 11	2,000,000
Aug. 12 (for sinking fund)	1,000,000
Aug. 18 (subject to approval of Congress)	3,000,000
Aug. 25	2,000,000
Aug. 26 (for sinking fund)	1,000,000
Total	$10,000,000

SALES OF GOLD.

August 5	$1,000,000
August 19	1,000,000
Total	$2,000,000

Assistant Treasurer Butterfield has ordered that, in case of failure to deliver bonds sold to the Government within the time specified, the bonds shall be purchased in the open market for account of the party so failing. This course seems to have become necessary in order to secure a prompt settlement of transactions; and is simply an application of the rule which prevails on the Stock Exchange.

Money has been in abundant supply at 6 to 7 per cent., and at the close of the week at 5 per cent. The Bank Statement was by no means unfavorable; but it exhibited a less flattering aspect than had been generally looked for. It shows a loss of specie of $2,207,491, and a gain of legal-tenders of $1,829,765. The circulation has decreased $42,121. The deposits have increased $2,794,188, and loans $888,336. The loss of specie is due to payments to the Treasury for duties and for shipments to Europe. The legal-tenders gained from the Sub-Treasury, which disbursed about two and a quarter millions on account of bond purchases during the week, making the payment for the balance in national bank-notes, which the banks do not count in their reserve.

Assistant Treasurer Butterfield has, in compliance with the demands of the public, changed the method of stating the condition of the Sub-Treasury balance in this city, and hereafter will give the exact gold and currency balance at the close of the day. This will prove a very great improvement on the old order of things.

A very lively speculative feeling has shown itself on the Stock Exchange in gold, and in Government bonds, and public securities generally during the week.

The chief revival in stocks has been manifested in the shares of Chicago and Northwestern Railway. This stock has been very quiet for the past six months; the long-anticipated death of Mr. Henry Keep, the president of the road, preventing prudent people from purchasing it, as it was supposed that the stock would fall immediately it became known he was dead. But on Friday the melancholy event was announced; and, though the Stock Exchange adjourned on Saturday morning, as a testimonial of respect to the deceased, the stock immediately advanced two per cent., and on Monday it advanced three per cent. more, selling as high as 86 for the Common and 97 for the Preferred. There were two causes for this rise. The first was a report that Daniel Drew was buying the stock, with a view of getting the control of it, and using it, as he had done with Erie, for his personal advantage; but in a very different manner. He had been convinced of his mistake in "bearing" Erie, and now had come to the conclusion that it was the wiser course to become a "bull" in Northwest, as Vanderbilt had been in N. Y. Central, Harlem, and Hudson. Uncle Daniel is to be commended for his discretion, and the wise will follow his lead. The other cause was the announcement that the whole of Mr. Keep's large interest in the common stock would remain in the hands of his family as a permanent investment.

The Vanderbilt stocks have undergone violent fluctuations; but the disappointment of the speculators at the failure of the consolidating committee to meet and make arrangements for the union of Central and Hudson caused a considerable decline. It was generally understood, though there was no reason for it, that a meeting of the joint committee would take place at Saratoga at the same time of the meeting of the executive committee, to declare the semi-annual dividend on Central payable on the 20th of August. No notice has yet been given for a meeting of the consolidating committee of the two roads. But that the meeting will be held, and the terms be all arranged and carried into effect, during the present month we have good reasons for believing. It will be a good thing for Broad Street when the Vanderbilt roads shall have been disposed of, to give an opportunity to other stocks to attract some of the attention which has been so long monopolized by N. Y. Central and Hudson River. The bullish feeling in the stock market continued on Tuesday, with a decidedly upward tendency.

DRY GOODS.

THE first week of August opens without any special movement in domestic cotton fabrics. Sales are light, and the general conditions of trade are dull; but there are no causes which would warrant any apprehensions of continued dullness through the season. The idea of attributing the present dullness, as one reviewer of the market has done, to the unsettled condition of the national finances, is absurd enough. The national finances were never in a better condition since the issue of greenbacks commenced than they are now, and they are constantly increasing under the discreet and prudent management of Secretary Boutwell. The staple crops of the whole country are all good, and our foreign immigration continues unabated; and these two chief elements of our prosperity will insure a large and remunerative general trade, of which the dry goods interest will have its full share.

Brown shirtings and sheetings are without any noticeable change. Sales have been on a limited scale; but, the stock in hand being small, prices are firm, and an increased demand would be likely to cause an advance of rates.

Bleached shirtings and sheetings are very much in the condition of unbleached goods. Sales are chiefly limited to a few of the best makes; but prices are well maintained.

Printing cloths in the gray are dull, and sales small. Prices are not firm; but there is no quotable change to notice.

Prints are attracting considerable attention. The manufacturers' agents and commission houses are receiving a full supply of dark colorings, for the early Fall demand, and a good business is generally expected. Prices are steady, but without any change of note.

Ginghams are not in much demand. The Summer styles are not wanted, and the Fall patterns have not been offered to to the trade.

Cotton drills are slow of sale. There is very little demand for either light or heavy weights. Prices steady.

Corset jeans are steady in price; but the demand for these goods just now is very small.

Apron checks are held at firm prices; but the transactions in them are on a very limited scale.

Stripes and ticks are firm in price, but sales are limited in amount.

Rolled jaconets are firm, but the sales are small, though the demand is regular.

Cambrics are dull, both for plain and high colors, but prices remain without change.

Silesias are in small demand, but prices remain steady.

There is considerable animation shown in the demand for muslin de laines, which has been created to a great extent by the new Fall styles which the manufacturers' agents are now putting upon the market.

Woolens generally are in better demand.

Cloths have sold freely, and the trade has shown a disposition to make early purchases. Prices are well maintained, and a good Fall business is generally anticipated.

Cassimeres and satinets are in fair demand, and the market is well supplied with a very attractive assortment of new styles for the Fall business. There is an improved demand for heavy satinets, and prices are firm.

Kentucky jeans are in moderate demand. Prices without change.

Flannels are more active, but sales are to a limited extent and prices without any material change.

Foreign goods are not yet in sufficient demand to cause any change in the general aspects of the markets. But importers are now receiving large invoices of new goods for the early trade, and preparations are making for a lively business at the opening of the season. The importations of dress goods, millinery articles, and fancy woolens are very large. The auction-rooms are not yet in full operation.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

(A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.)

BREADSTUFFS.—Our market for Western and State Flour the past week has taken quite a turn as compared with previous weeks. Owing to the splendid harvest weather, more liberal offerings, and less favorable news from Europe, prices have declined on most grades, though we have had considerable irregularity and variableness. New Flours are more plenty, and, being of excellent quality, have attracted a large share of the attention of the trade, the quality proving very satisfactory. In No. 2 and Superfine a fair business has been done, but at changeable prices. The exports of the week are 43,561 bbls.—including 21,685 bbls. to Europe, 9,001 bbls. to the British Provinces, and 12,875 bbls. to South America and the West Indies—against 19,662 bbls. the corresponding week last year. At the close the low grades were higher and in fair demand; but the medium and better brands were irregular, dealers giving the preference to new Flour. In Wheat there has been only a moderate degree of activity; prices have fluctuated, under the influence of variable news from Europe, favorable advices of the crop from the Northwest, and very liberal receipts. We have added considerably to our stock, and this week 620,000 bush., of which 350,000 are White California. This has attracted the attention of shippers, and considerable purchases have been made at $1 70@$1 75 for Liverpool market. The exports of the week have been 528,596 bush., against 75,059 bush. the corresponding week last year. At the close the market is blithe and quite active. Oats have largely declined, and close heavy with a downward tendency. Corn has declined rapidly, but we have had quite an active trade. At the close the market is lower. Sound is scarce and wanted.

BROOM CORN.—The demand is limited for Old at 17@23 cts. New is offered, to arrive, less freely, and prices are undetermined. Brooms are selling at $4@$6 per doz.

COAL.—The market is still unsettled for Domestic. The supply is larger. Sales by the cargo at $8 50@$9 10 for small and large size. It is selling from yard at $9@$9 75 per ton.

COFFEE.—The demand for Rio has continued comparatively moderate, though the wants of jobbers have sent them into the market with a little more freedom than last week. Full former prices were realized and holders generally remain firm, in view of the favorable advices from Brazil. Java has been more active, and the West India grades in fair request at full figures. We quote at about 9½@11¼ cts. for Fair to Good Rio, in bond; 13½@17½ cts. for invoices do., duty paid; 21@25 cts. for Java; 18@19 cts. for Maracaibo; and 16@18 cts. for Laguayra—all gold.

COTTON.—There has been rather more animation, but a very irregular and doubtful market throughout the week. On the low grades some pretty liberal concessions have been made, inducing several fair purchases by exporters; but the upper qualities, though also lower, have not given way enough to induce free operations, and have only met with such demand as the immediate wants of spinners required. Speculative movements in Cotton on the spot have been at a stand; but for future delivery there has been more activity at higher prices, sales for December standing at 26¾ cts. on a basis of Low Middling. Some few complaints have come to hand from the crops against both water and worm; but nothing calculated to cause any great alarm. The market closes fairly active and steady at 33¾ cts. for Middling Uplands, to 34½@34¾ cts. for do. New Orleans and Texas.

FLAX.—The inquiry is moderate, but prices are steady. Sales at $16@$27; the latter for choice North River.

GINSENG.—The market is quiet for Crude, at 80@95 cts. per lb.

GUANO.—A moderate coastwise and local demand for Peruvian at $84 currency.

OIL CAKE.—The market is dull but firm at $50@$50 80 currency for Thin Western in bags, and $41@$42 50 gold for City in barrels; $54 currency in bags for do.

OIL MEAL.—The market is dull and easier. Sales at $2 60 per 100 pounds.

MOLASSES.—The demand from all sources continues remarkably light, and the market has a very dull tone. Prices are heavy and uncertain; but, in the absence of testing, sales are placed at about the previous range. We quote Cuba Centrifugal at 37@40 cts., do. Clayed 45@49 cts., do. Muscovado 48@58 cts., Porto Rico 50@75 cts., English Island 45@65 cts., and New Orleans 75@90 cts.

PROVISIONS.—The volume of business in the various styles of the Hog product has again been rather small and values somewhat unsettled; but, on the whole, the tone has been pretty strong, and there appears to be a slow but sure gaining of confidence. Stocks are very small at all points; and all the leading markets outside this city are quite buoyant, and holders are of the opinion that everything now on hand, or likely to be produced before the Fall packing commences, will be required, notwithstanding the free arrivals of Hogs. Immediately following our last, Mess Pork was run up to $33 25 and held for a short time with much firmness; but some holders, finding a fair margin for profit, offered their stocks with more freedom, and about 25 cts. of the advance was lost. There appeared to be plenty of buyers, however, and everything on sale found a market. At the close the feeling is again buoyant and the demand good at $33 18¾@$33 25. Other styles have sold with freedom, prices favoring the seller, and in some instances showing a very decided advance. We quote at $28 25@$28 50 for Extra Prime, $30 50@$31 for Western Prime Mess, and $33 25@$33 50 for City Ice-house Mess. For future delivery there has been some little activity, the latest transactions at $33 50, buyer August. Beef is in very good jobbing and coastwise shipping demand, and prices steady. We quote at $5@$12 for Plain Mess, and $12@$17 for Extra Mess. Tierce Beef without a market and prices still undetermined. Beef Hams not very plenty, and with a continued fair jobbing demand the market is firm at $26@$30 per bbl. Cut Meats sell well, and on choice parcels values are sustained without difficulty. We quote Hams at 17 cts. in dry salt, 18 cts. in pickle, and 19½@22¼ in tight tierces and canvas. Bacon has not been active, but of late less freely offered, and prices have strengthened, closing at about 16¾@17 cts. for Ice-cured. For Western Lard there was some demand at the close of the month from "shorts," causing an advance in prices; but the market closes rather weak. City-packed has been somewhat irregular, though mostly at a higher range. At the close the general market is dull at 17¼ cts. for No. 1, 17¾@17¾ cts. for Prime City, 19¼@19¾ for Western Steam, and 19¾@20 cts. for Kettle Rendered. The last sale for future delivery was at 19¾ cts., seller September; but the market closes nominal.

SEEDS.—A moderate inquiry for Grass Seeds at 13@14 cts. For Clover and Timothy Seed $5 25@$5 37 per bushel.

SUGARS.—A moderate demand and some disposition to realize on the part of holders has weakened prices on the low grades a trifle, while the finer qualities have ruled comparatively firmer throughout. The arrivals have been quite liberal, and the stock further increased. But it appears impossible to shake the confidence of holders; and, except through temporary necessity, there is no undue pressure. At the close the feeling is steady, with a fair business doing at 11⅛@11¼ cts. for Fair to Good Refining, 11¼@12¾ cts. for Fair to Good Grocery, and 12⅜ cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined fairly active and steady at 15⅝@15¾ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed; 14¾@15⅝ cts. for Soft White; and 13¾@14¼ cts. for Yellow.

TALLOW.—The market is very quiet and closes unsettled. The supply of Prime is moderate. Sales at 11½@12¾ cts. for Country, and City 12@12¾ cts.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, AUG. 3d, 1869.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra	15¾@16	16 @16½
First quality	14 @15½	15½@15¾
Second quality	13 @14	14 @15
Third quality	12 @13½	13 @14
Inferior	10 @11	10 @13
Average of all sales about	14	15 @14¾

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice	$100@100	$100@100
Good	75@ 90	75@ 90
Fair	55@ 65	55@ 65
Inferior and Common	40@ 50	45@ 50

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Extra and Choice	10 @11	10 @11
Good	7¾@ 9	7¾@ 9
Common	6½@ 7	6½@ 7
Inferior	5 @ 6	5 @ 6

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	*Last week.*
Choice, per lb.	6¾@ 7¼	7 @ 7¼
Extra	6 @ 6¾	6¼@ 6¾
Good	5 @ 5¾	5¾@ 6
Fair	4½@ 5	5 @ 5¼
Common	3 @ 4¾	3 @ 4¾
Extra Lambs	10½@10	10 @10¾
Good	8 @ 9	9 @10
Common to Fair	7 @ 7¾	7 @ 8¾

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	*Dressed, per lb.*
Corn-fed	10¼@10¾	12¾@13

GENERAL REMARKS.

The market for Beef Cattle has been more liberally supplied, and has been in a dull and dragging condition. Prices show a decline and the market closes unsettled. Milch Cows have arrived more freely; but, with a good demand, prices are sustained. Veal Calves are scarcer, and with a good demand prices are firm. For Good to Prime Sheep there has been a good demand and prices are steady; but Common to Inferior grades are dull and difficult of sale. The supply of Swine has fallen off. Prices, in the absence of sales, are nominal, though higher.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, Aug. 3, 1869.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported by THE INDEPENDENT, is more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city, is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W	15	Lowell	10½
Merrimack, A	14	Manchester	10½
Cocheco, L	14	Victory	10
Spragues	13¾	Simpson	10½
Pacific	13¾	Arnold	10½
American	13¾	Hamilton	10½
Dunnells	13¾	Richmond	13
Allens	13	Gloucester	12½
Manchester	13	Hampden	12
Nassau	13½	Lancaster	12¾
Amoskeag	13	Oriental	12¾

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	17	Hartford	13¾
Berkshire	15	Roanoke	12¾
Caledonia	13	Glasgow	16

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14 @16¾	Pepperell, E	15½
Lawrence, C	14½	" B	14¾
" G	13½	" N	12¾
" O	12	" M	11½
" H	11¾	" 64	9¾
Pacific, Extra	14½	" 56	8½
" H	14½	" 48	10¾
" R	13½	Bost, S	15½
Atlantic, A	14½	" O	13½
" H	13½	" R	11½
" T	13¾	Appleton, A	16½
" V	13¾	Lawrence, H	14¾
Shawmut, C	14½	" O	13¾
Augusta	14	Lyman, E	14½
Stark, A	16¾	" G	13½
Massachusetts	16¾	" J	12½
" BB	14½	Utica	13
Indian Head	13½	Tremont, C	14½
" O	12½	Ind